

ACTION-PACKED THRILLING ADVENTURE!

DAREDEVIL



SILVER ★★ ★

STREAK

COMICS

No. 15
OCTOBER
10¢



Closer and closer came the outstretched claws of the shrouded Zombi. Jane's scream pierced the clammy catacombs of the tomb. Can Capt Battle and Hale save her from a horrible death?
See page 4

Beginning a New Adventure -
THE BINGHAM BOYS



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

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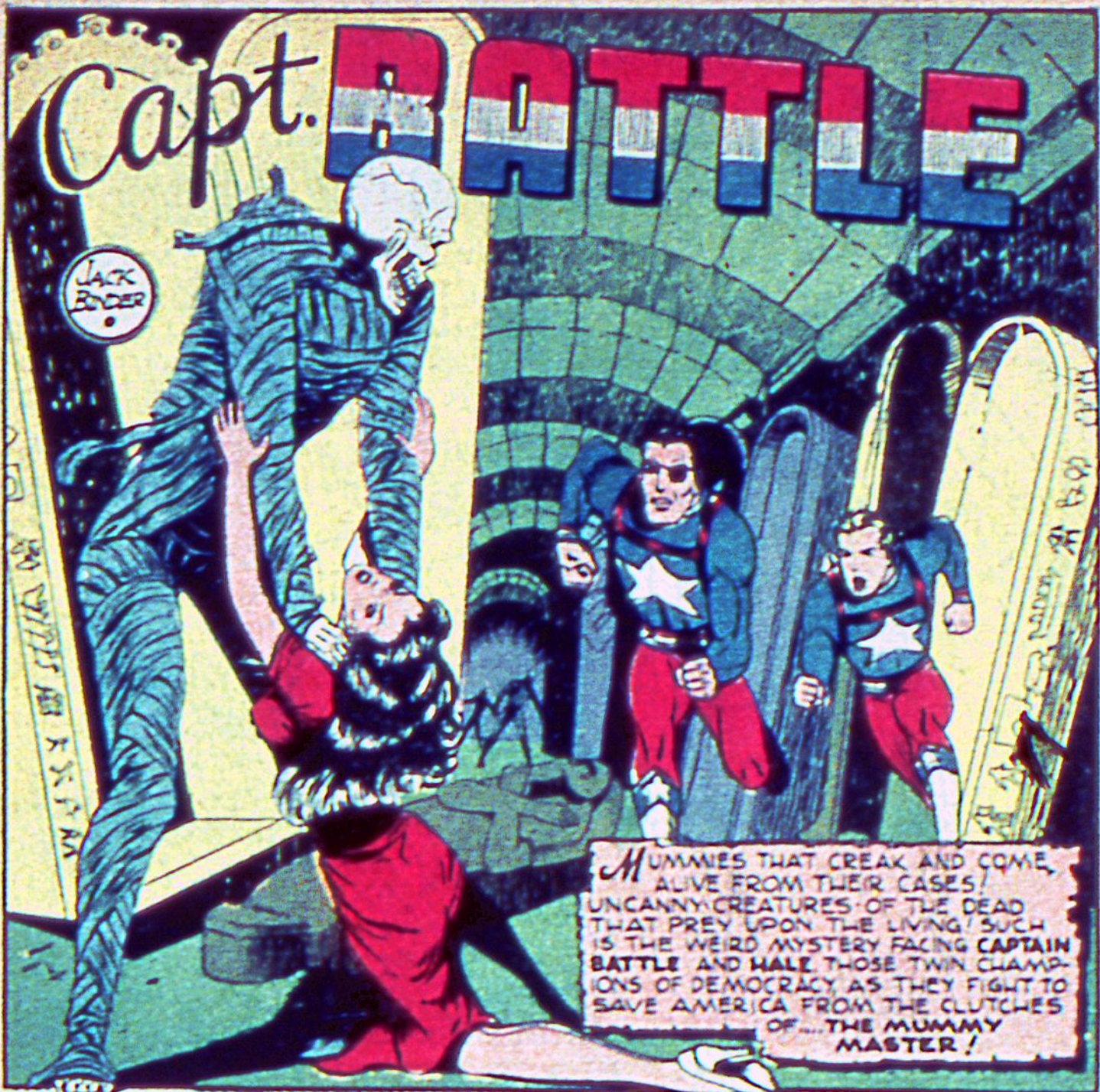
BINDER

Thrills and Adventure in **SILVER STREAK COMICS**

- 1. CAPTAIN BATTLE** **Pages 1-13**
What was the weird mystery facing **CAPTAIN BATTLE** and **HALE** as they fought to save America from the clutches of the dead mummies come to life? Follow the nation's bravest champions as they come face to face with — **"THE MUMMY MASTER"**.
- 2. CAPTAIN BATTLE'S BOYS' BRIGADE** **Page 14**
More club news from all over the country on this great boys' organization.
- 3. PRESTO MARTIN** **Pages 16-20**
When a fortune fell into the hands of a wealth-crazed miser, things started to happen. **PRESTO MARTIN** was called to enter his most sensational case yet . . . A mad combination of rousing gold and women's beauty which almost cost him his life . . .
- 4. CLOUD CURTIS** **Pages 21-25**
The famous **GOLDEN BULLET** plays its part as **CLOUD** and his loyal followers meet a sinister gang of plotters against the safety of the United States. Action-packed adventure on every page.
- 5. PIRATE PRINCE** **Pages 26-30**
Out of the past comes the dashing figure of the famed **PIRATE PRINCE**, one man force of the Seven Seas to clash with **HOOK HOOKER**, outlaw buccaneer, in the most exciting story of the Sea ever published!
- 6. CAPTAIN BATTLE BEATS A RACKET
OR THE MYTH WHO CAME TO LIFE** **Pages 31-33**
- 7. SILVER STREAK** **Pages 34-41**
Murder! Stark, grim murder! So horrible that only a monster could have done it! So mysterious, only one man in the whole world could have solved it . . . One man and a boy. Read **SILVER STREAK** and **METEOR** in **"THE THING THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN"**.
- 8. DICKIE DEAN** **Pages 42-48**
America's favorite, the **BOY INVENTOR**, in a thrilling story of Crime and Punishment as Professor Blitznollel and his gang try to outfight **DICKIE** and his **SKY-BUGGY**.
- 9. THE BINGHAM BOYS** **Pages 49-55**
Introducing a brand new comic feature packed with excitement and action. Three boy stowaways on a plane find themselves headed for the biggest adventure of their young lives. Think of it . . . ! Three modern boys meet the monsters of the unknown **Matto Grasso** Jungle!
- 10. DAREDEVIL** **Pages 56-64**
At last . . . The spine-chilling tale from the private records of the greatest name in comics . . . **DAREDEVIL!** Out of the muck of the underworld rises an evil power to challenge the brain and might of America's top crime-buster. Hundreds of children disappear from their homes and the country is thrown into a panic as **"THE SERPENT STRIKES!"**

Capt. BATTLE

JACK BENDER



MUMMIES THAT CREAK AND COME ALIVE FROM THEIR CASES! UNCANNY CREATURES OF THE DEAD THAT PREY UPON THE LIVING! SUCH IS THE WEIRD MYSTERY FACING CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HIS TWIN CHAMPIONS OF DEMOCRACY AS THEY FIGHT TO SAVE AMERICA FROM THE CLUTCHES OF... THE MUMMY MASTER!

DR. KOLB, DIRECTOR OF THE LUGE CITY MUSEUM, RECEIVES MYSTIFYING NEWS...

THE ANSWER LIES IN A HIDDEN UNSUSPECTED DEN OF EVIL WHERE A MASTER SPY TAKES A DREADED OATH FROM HIS HENCHMEN!

ANOTHER MUMMY HAS VANISHED RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES SIR!

OH DEAR ME! THAT'S THE TENTH ONE! WHO IS STEALING THEM AND WHY?

NOW REPEAT AFTER ME--

WE SWEAR TO DO ALL IN OUR POWER TO SABOTAGE THE DEFENSE PROGRAM AND BRING ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF AMERICA!



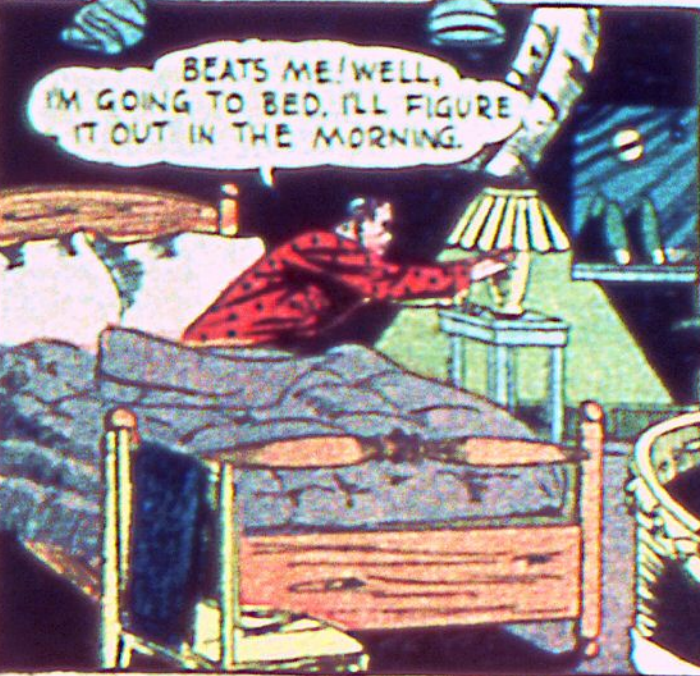
GOOD! HERE AFTER I SHALL BE KNOWN ONLY AS THE MUMMY MASTER, FOR SECRECY. WE ARE READY TO BEGIN WITH THE LIST!

HENDERSON IS THE FIRST!

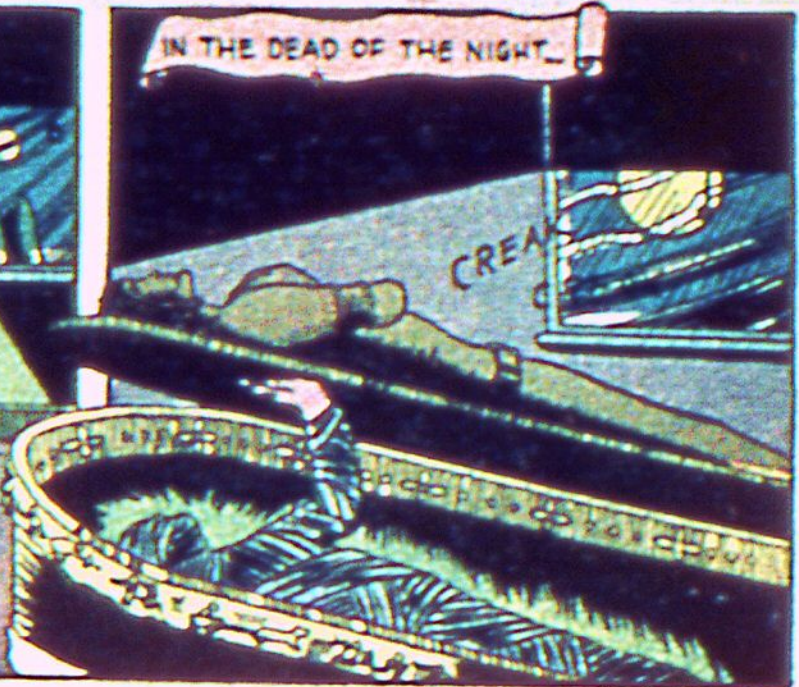
THAT EVENING, AT HIS HOME, HENDERSON RECEIVES A BIG, MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE.



BEATS ME! WELL, I'M GOING TO BED. I'LL FIGURE IT OUT IN THE MORNING.



IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT...





MEANWHILE, AT HILLTOP LABORATORY, CAPTAIN BATTLE KEEPS CONSTANT VIGIL AT THE CURVOSCOPE, FOR THESE ARE TROUBLOUS TIMES FOR AMERICA.

NOTHING EXCITING GOING ON RIGHT NOW... HEY, WHAT'S THIS?



YES, HALE! LOOK AT THIS!

WOW! A-A-A MUMMY!

AND IT'S CHOKING HENDERSON, THE DOLLAR-A-YEAR MAN SO VITAL TO THE AMERICAN DEFENSE PROGRAM!

INSTANTLY THE TWO STUDIOUS LABORATORY WORKERS MAKE A LIGHTNING CHANGE TO CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HALE, DEFENDERS OF AMERICA!

THAT PAGES CAPTAIN BATTLE!

BOY OH BOY! ACTION AT LAST!



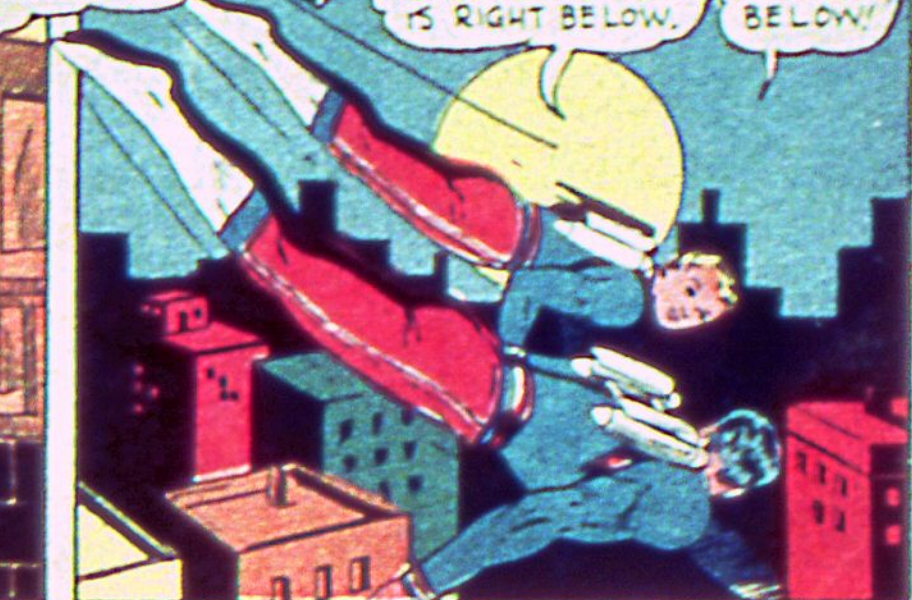
C'MON, HALE MY LAD! SECONDS ARE PRECIOUS. SEE YOU LATER, JANE. I'M OFF FOR ANOTHER SOUVENIR!



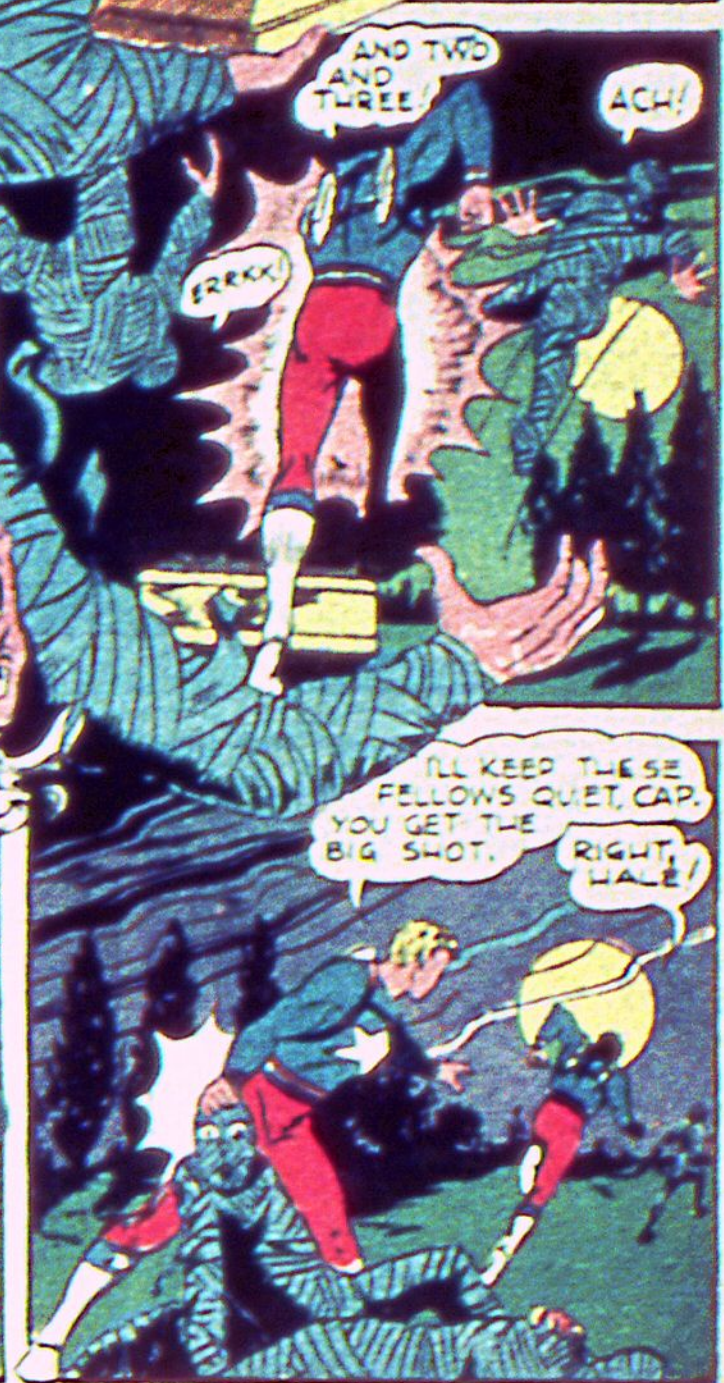
JUST BRING YOURSELF BACK ALIVE...

HENDERSON'S HOME IS RIGHT BELOW.

LOOK OUT, BELOW!



4
CHOKED TO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, HENDERSON IS SPIRITED FROM HIS HOME....





THIS ONE WILL STOP YOU COLD, CAPTAIN BATTLE!



SAYS YOU... OOF!

HA HA! IT WAS A REAL MUMMY!

BAM

UNCONCERNED THE MUMMY GANG ESCAPES HALE RUSHES TO THE SIDE OF HIS COMPANION IN ALARM.



CAP!...CAPTAIN BATTLE!... ARE YOU HURT BADLY?



NASTY BLOW BUT I'M OKAY, HALE. CAP FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE DEAD....



WELL BACK TO THE LAB. THAT MUMMY GANG GOT AWAY WITH HENDERSON. WE CAN GET A LINE ON THEM WITH THE CURVOSCOPE.

NO LUCK! THE CURVOSCOPE CAN'T SEEM TO PICK UP A THING ON THAT MUMMY GANG!



WE GOTTA GET A LEAD SOMEHOW.

I WAS JUST THINKING... GO TO THE CITY MUSEUM AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND OUT THERE. I'LL KEEP AT THE CURVOSCOPE.



LET CITY MUSEUM, HALE AND JANE CALL ON DR KOLB...

HE'S NOT MUCH HELP. MIND IF WE SCOUT AROUND?



ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS THAT SOME OF MY MUMMIES HAVE VANISHED MYSTERIOUSLY. DEAR OH DEAR, IT IS SO PERPLEXING!

MAYBE WE CAN FIND
A CLUE HERE IN THE
MUMMY EXHIBIT.

LORRIBLE THINGS
AREN'T THEY? SO
DEAD LOOKING.

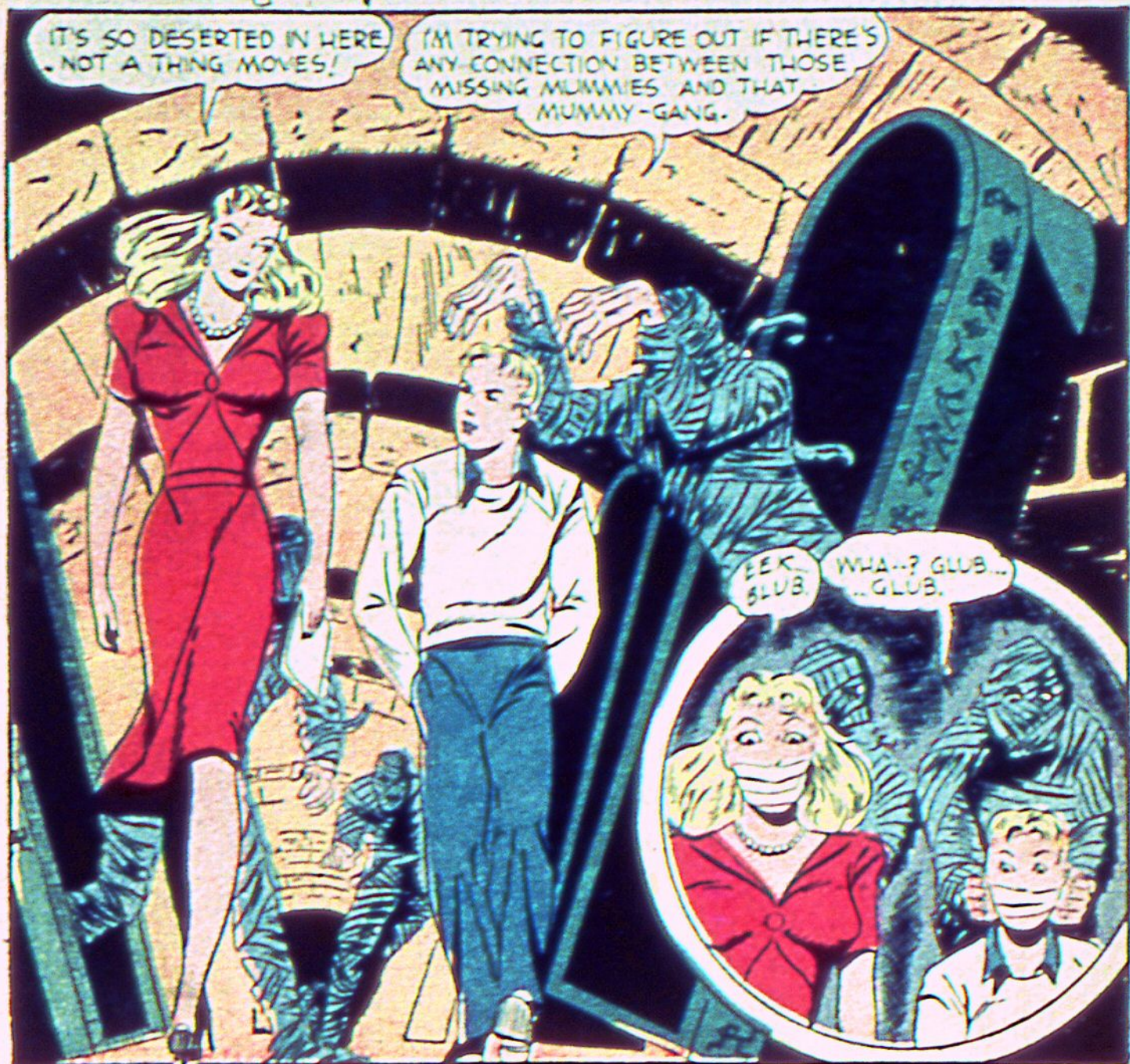


BUT ONE OF THE DEAD COMES TO LIFE!...



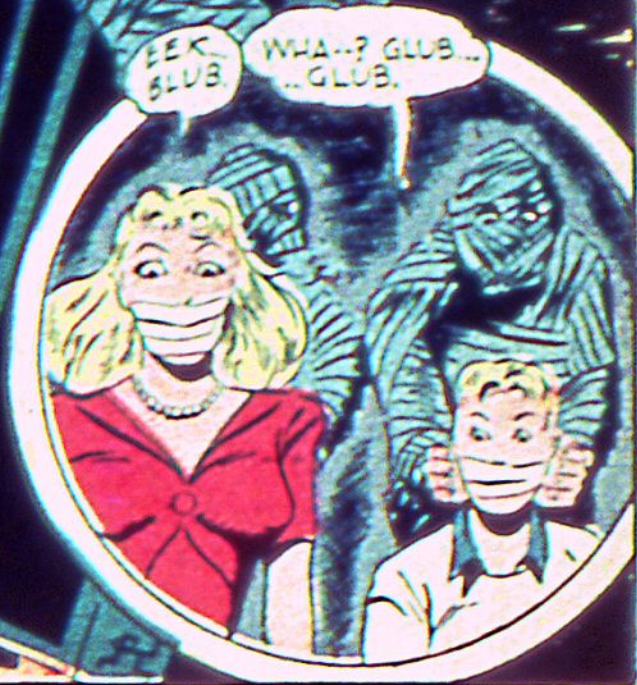
IT'S SO DESERTED IN HERE.
NOT A THING MOVES!

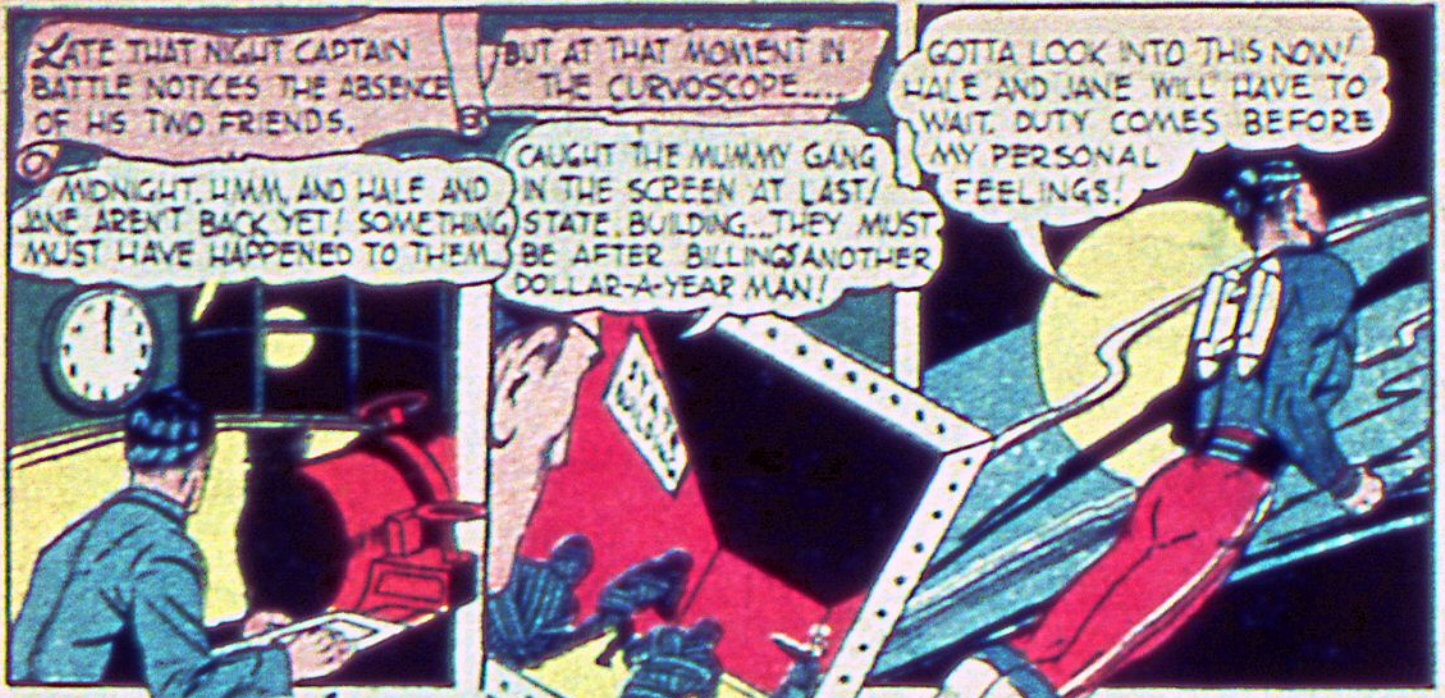
I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT IF THERE'S
ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THOSE
MISSING MUMMIES AND THAT
MUMMY-GANG.



EEX
GLUB

WHAA?? GLUB...
...GLUB.





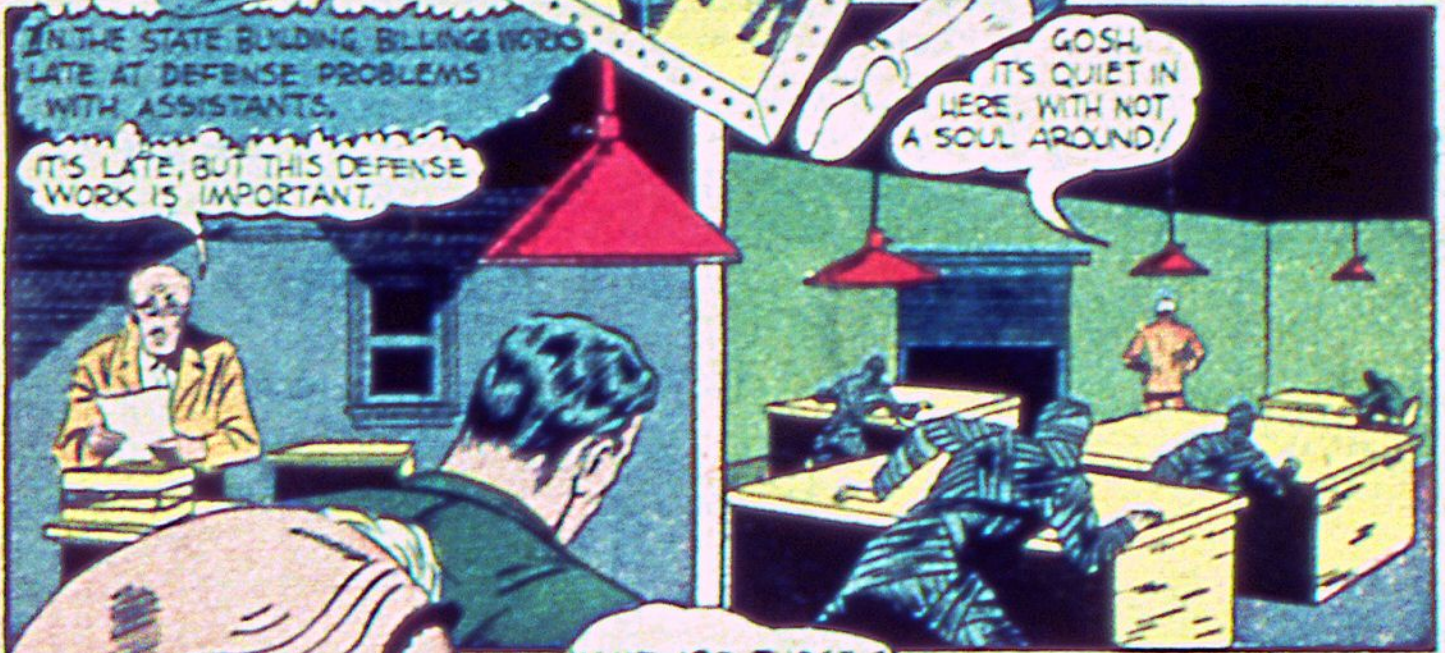
LATE THAT NIGHT CAPTAIN BATTLE NOTICES THE ABSENCE OF HIS TWO FRIENDS.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT IN THE CURVOSCOPE....

GOTTA LOOK INTO THIS NOW! HALE AND JANE WILL HAVE TO WAIT. DUTY COMES BEFORE MY PERSONAL FEELINGS!

MIDNIGHT, UMM, AND HALE AND JANE AREN'T BACK YET! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM!

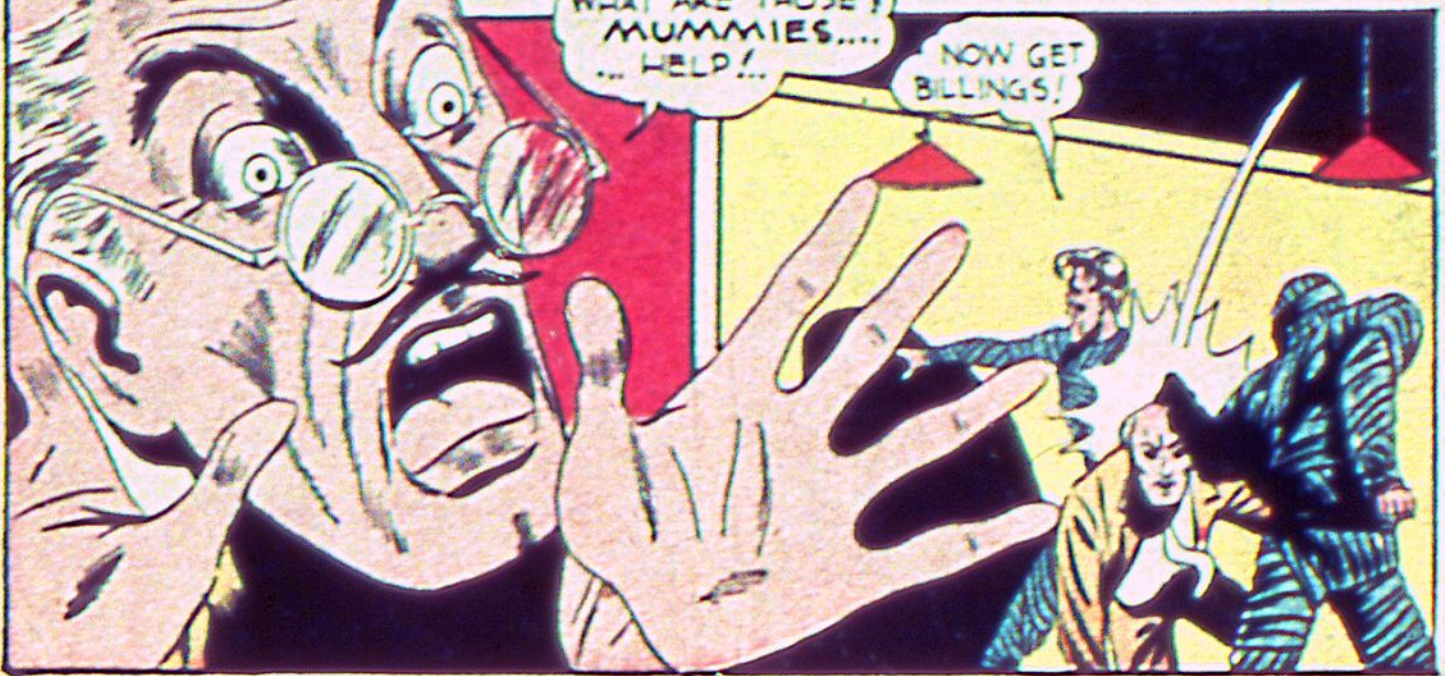
CAUGHT THE MUMMY GANG IN THE SCREEN AT LAST! STATE BUILDING...THEY MUST BE AFTER BILLINGS! ANOTHER DOLLAR-A-YEAR MAN!



IN THE STATE BUILDING, BILLINGS WORKS LATE AT DEFENSE PROBLEMS WITH ASSISTANTS.

IT'S LATE, BUT THIS DEFENSE WORK IS IMPORTANT.

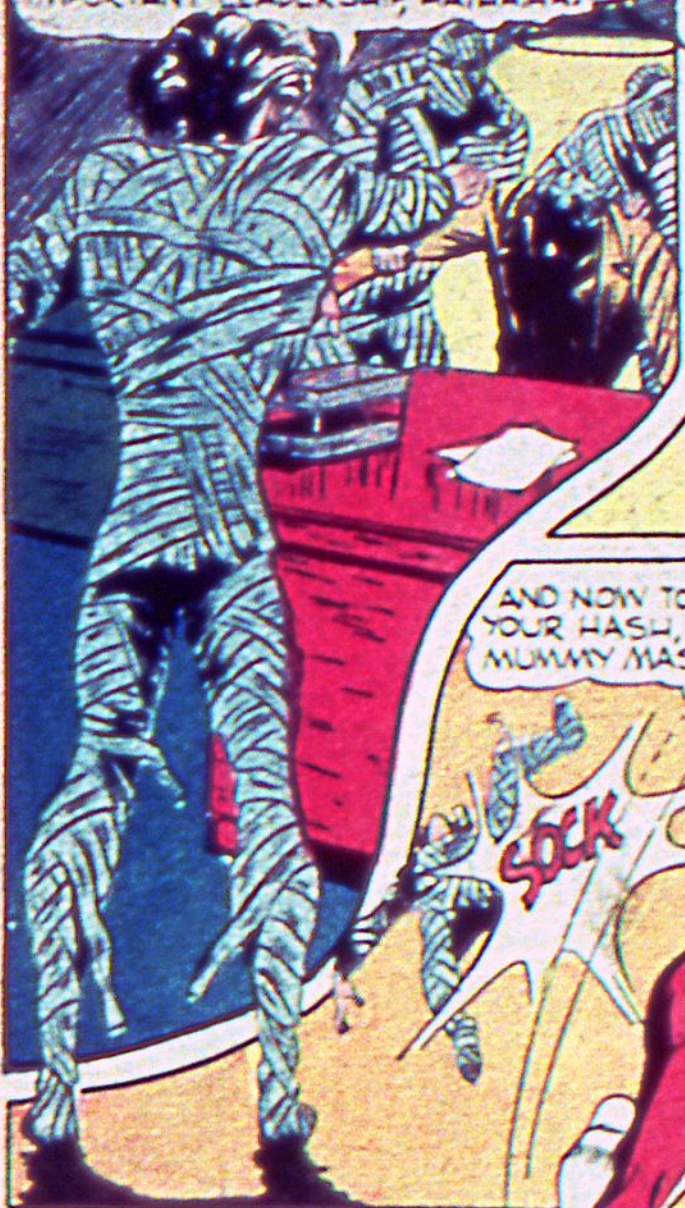
GOSH, IT'S QUIET IN HERE, WITH NOT A SOUL AROUND!



WHAT ARE THOSE? MUMMIES.... ... HELP!...

NOW GET BILLINGS!

MM—AND NOW WE HAVE BILLINGS, NUMBER TWO ON OUR LIST, HA HA HA! SOON THE AMERICAN DEFENSE PROGRAM WILL BE WITHOUT ITS IMPORTANT LEADERSHIP, HA HA HA!



SUDDENLY, AN ASTONISHING THING HAPPENS...

HA, HA, HA, YOURSELF! I BEAT YOU HERE AND TOOK BILLINGS' PLACE! HE IS SAFE IN THE CLOSET!

VOT ISS?

ACH, IT IS DER CAPTAIN BATTLE!



AND NOW TO SETTLE YOUR HASH, MUMMY MASTER!

SOEK

DIS TIME GIBS IT NO ESCAPE FROM OUR GUNS...

HIMMEL! WIE ISS WENT!

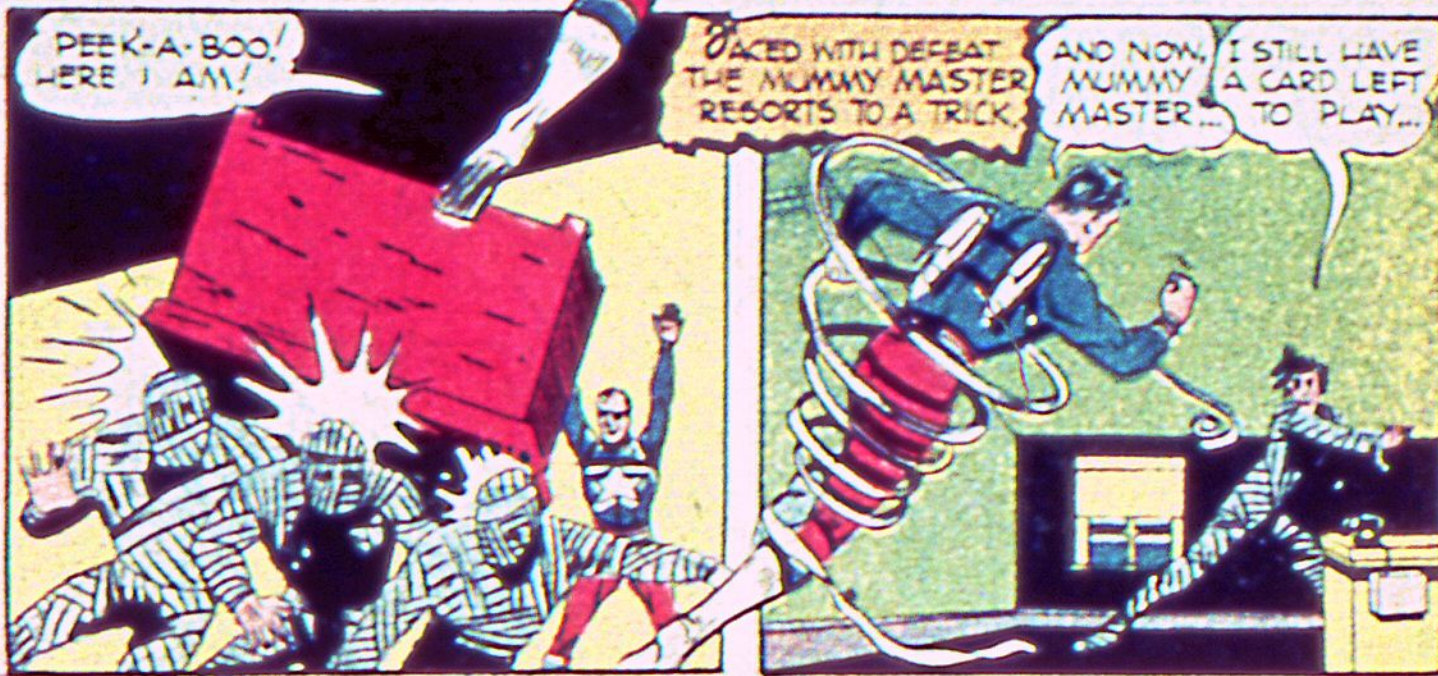
WHERE ISS HE GONE TO?

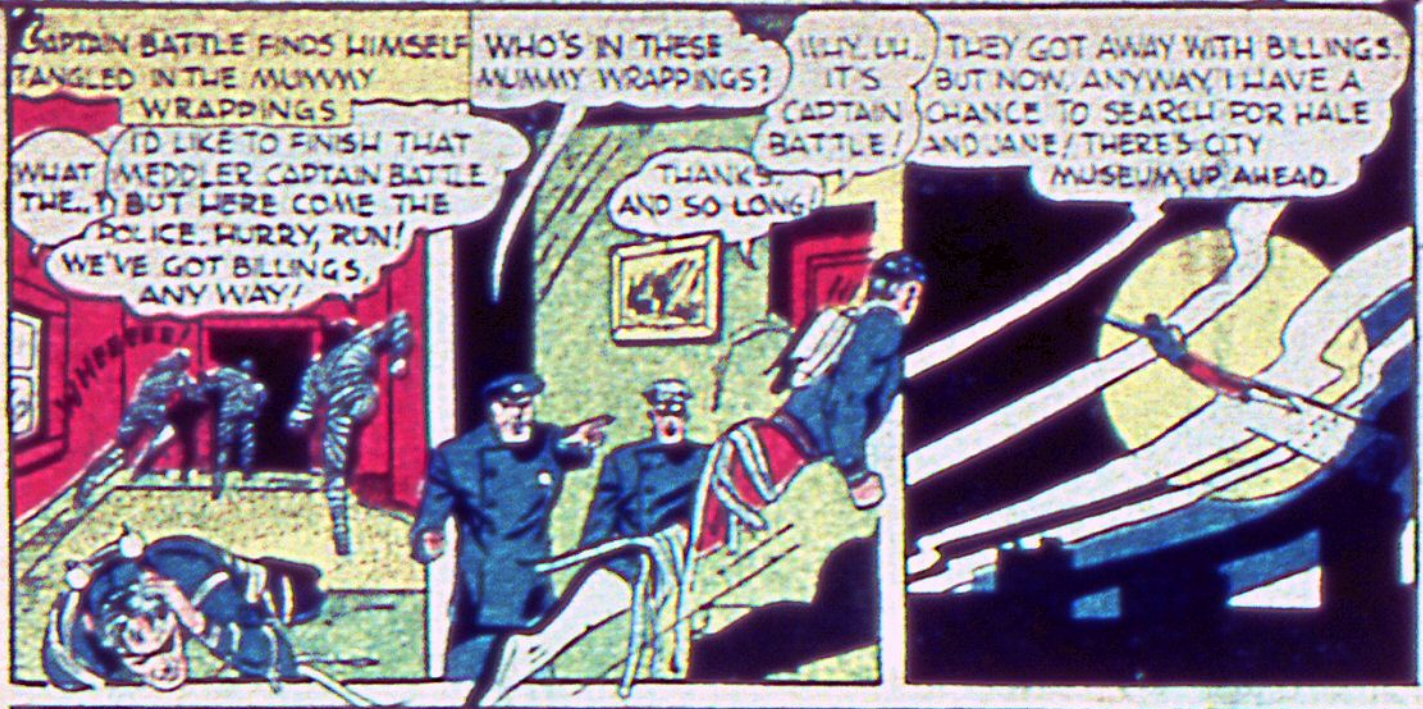


PEEK-A-BOO! HERE I AM!

FACED WITH DEFEAT THE MUMMY MASTER RESORTS TO A TRICK.

AND NOW, MUMMY MASTER... I STILL HAVE A CARD LEFT TO PLAY...





CAPTAIN BATTLE FINDS HIMSELF TANGLED IN THE MUMMY WRAPPINGS

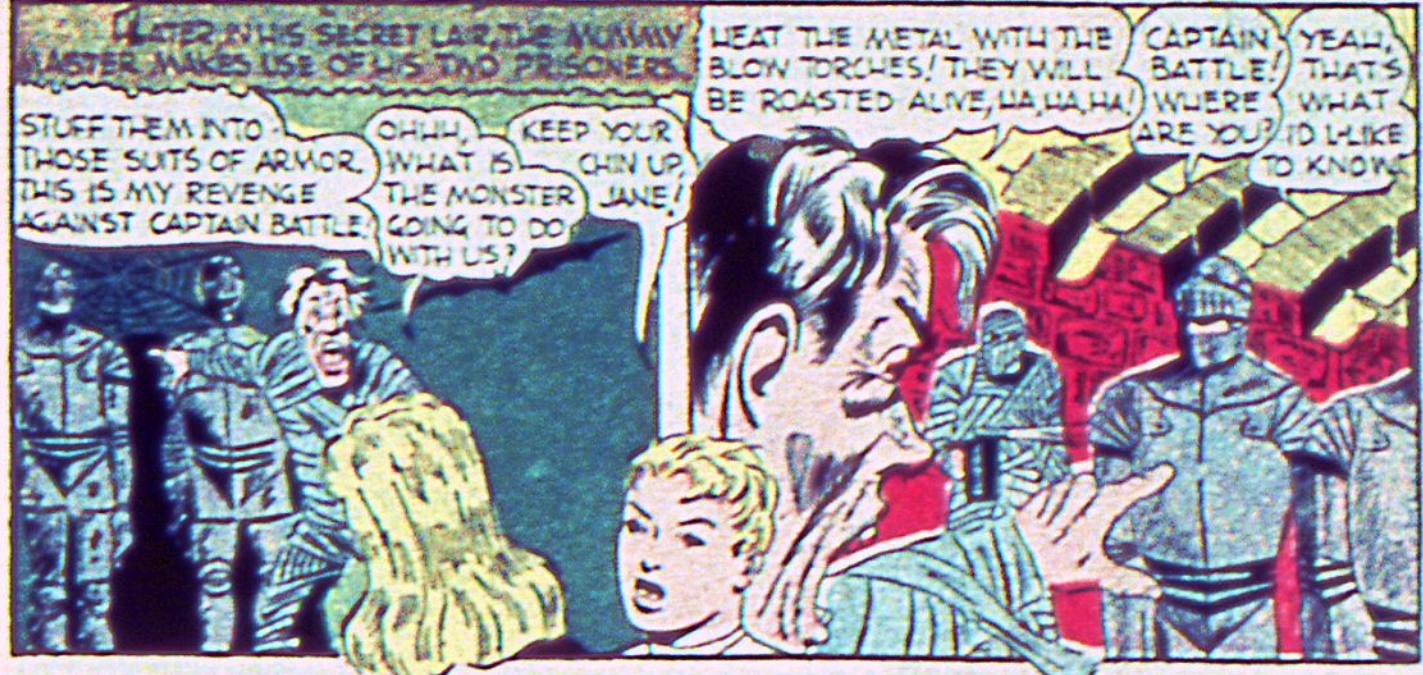
WHO'S IN THESE MUMMY WRAPPINGS?

WELL, UH... IT'S CAPTAIN BATTLE!

THEY GOT AWAY WITH BILLINGS. BUT NOW, ANYWAY, I HAVE A CHANCE TO SEARCH FOR HALE AND JANE! THERE'S CITY MUSEUM UP AHEAD.

I'D LIKE TO FINISH THAT WHAT MEDDLER CAPTAIN BATTLE THE... BUT HERE COME THE POLICE. HURRY, RUN! WE'VE GOT BILLINGS, ANYWAY!

THANKS, AND SO LONG!



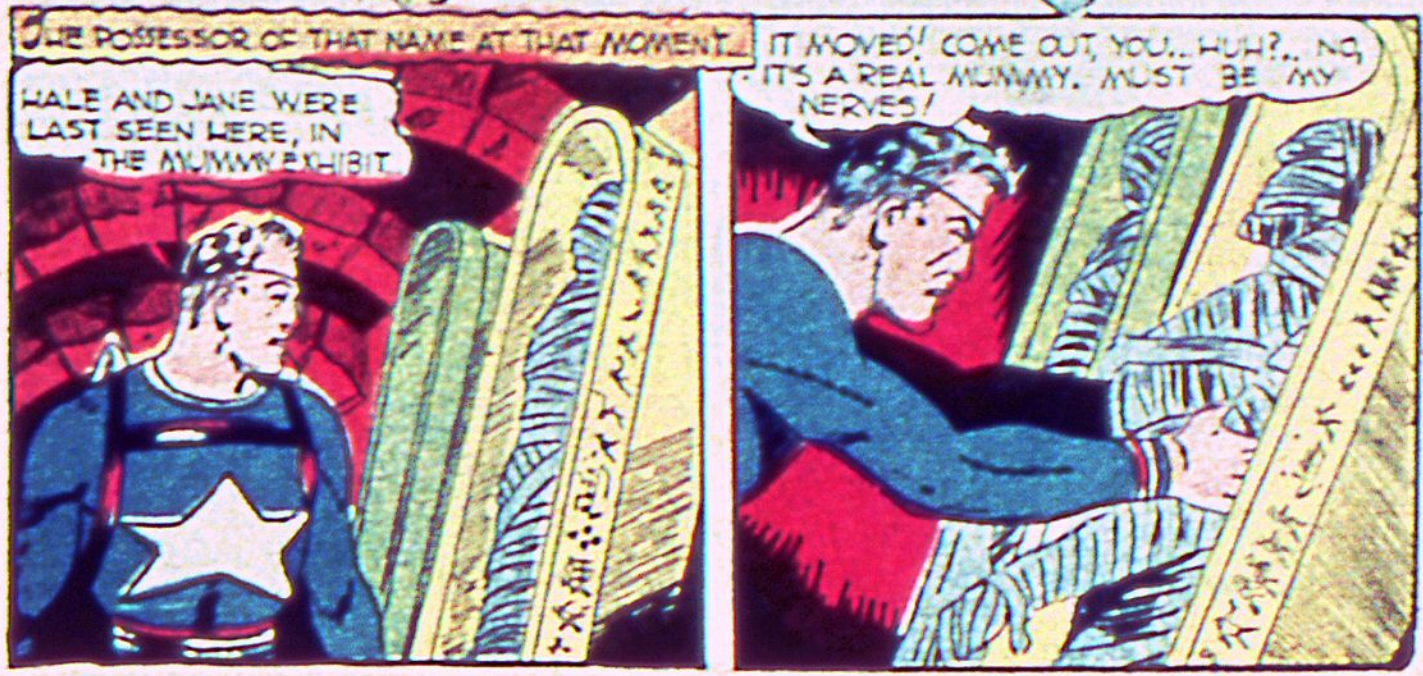
LATER IN HIS SECRET LAIR, THE MUMMY MASTER MAKES USE OF HIS TWO PRISONERS

LEAT THE METAL WITH THE BLOW TORCHES! THEY WILL BE ROASTED ALIVE, HA, HA, HA!

CAPTAIN BATTLE! YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE ARE YOU?

STUFF THEM INTO THOSE SUITS OF ARMOR. THIS IS MY REVENGE AGAINST CAPTAIN BATTLE!

OH, UH, WHAT IS THE MONSTER GOING TO DO WITH US? KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, JANE!



THE POSSESSOR OF THAT NAME AT THAT MOMENT...

HALE AND JANE WERE LAST SEEN HERE, IN THE MUMMY EXHIBIT.

IT MOVED! COME OUT, YOU... HUH?... NO, IT'S A REAL MUMMY. MUST BE MY NERVES!



BUT SOMETHING IS REVEALED!

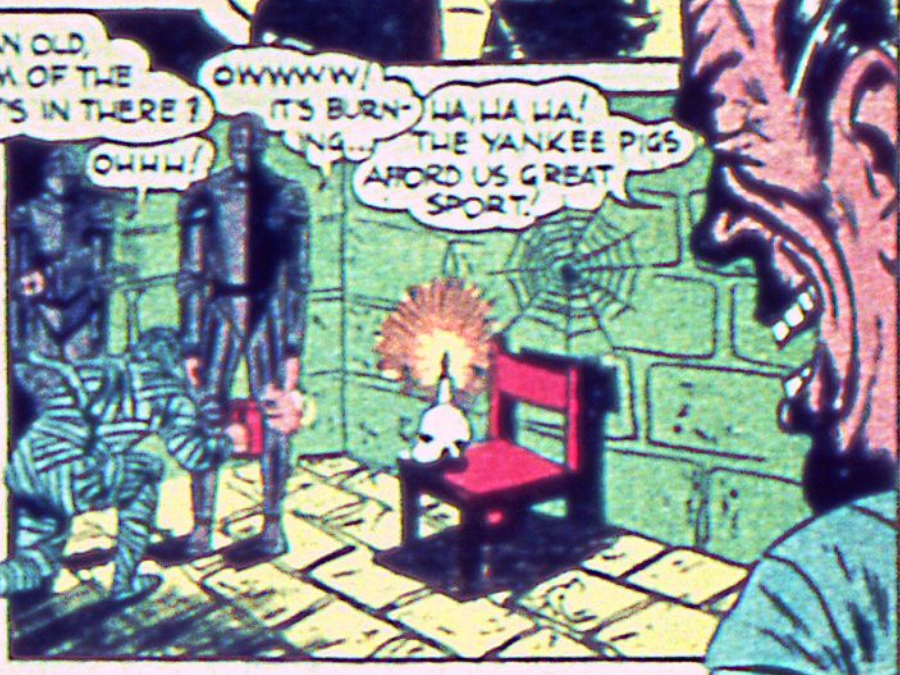
WHAT'S THIS? A FALSE BACK TO THE CASE! IT'S A SECRET DOORWAY!



WHAT DOES THIS PASSAGE LEAD TO?



SO, IT LEADS TO AN OLD, UNUSED STOREROOM OF THE MUSEUM! NOW WHAT'S IN THERE?



OWWWW! IT'S BURNING...

HA, HA, HA! THE YANKEE PIGS AFFORD US GREAT SPORT!

OWWW!



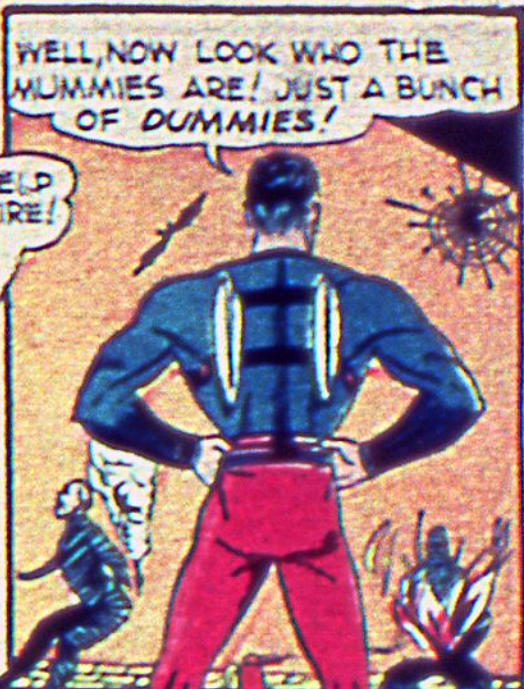
I'M NOT INVITED, BUT I'D LIKE TO JOIN IN THE FUN!

DONNER!

CAPTAIN BATTLE!



YES, AND THIS TIME I MEAN BUSINESS!



WELL, NOW LOOK WHO THE MUMMIES ARE! JUST A BUNCH OF DUMMIES!

HELP FIRE!

OH! OH!



THERE, JANE, YOU'RE OUT!

BUT LOOK!

THE MUMMY MASTER HAS SWIFTLY DONNED A SUIT OF ARMOR.....

I'LL SPLIT YOU FROM TOP TO TOE CAPTAIN BATTLE!

NO YOU DONT MUMMY MASTER!

UH?

CLANG



AND HERE'S THE SAME WORK BACK, WITH A LITTLE INTEREST!

GOOD WORK! WE GOT HIM!

BUT THE WILY MUMMY MASTER SLIPS FROM HIS ARMOR SUIT AND FLEES.....

THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY THIS TIME, MUMMY MASTER?

NOT A CHANCE!



A SECRET LEVER,...

CONFIDENT AREN'T YOU? I'LL SHOW YOU..



WHAT IN BLAZES!

WE'RE FALLING!



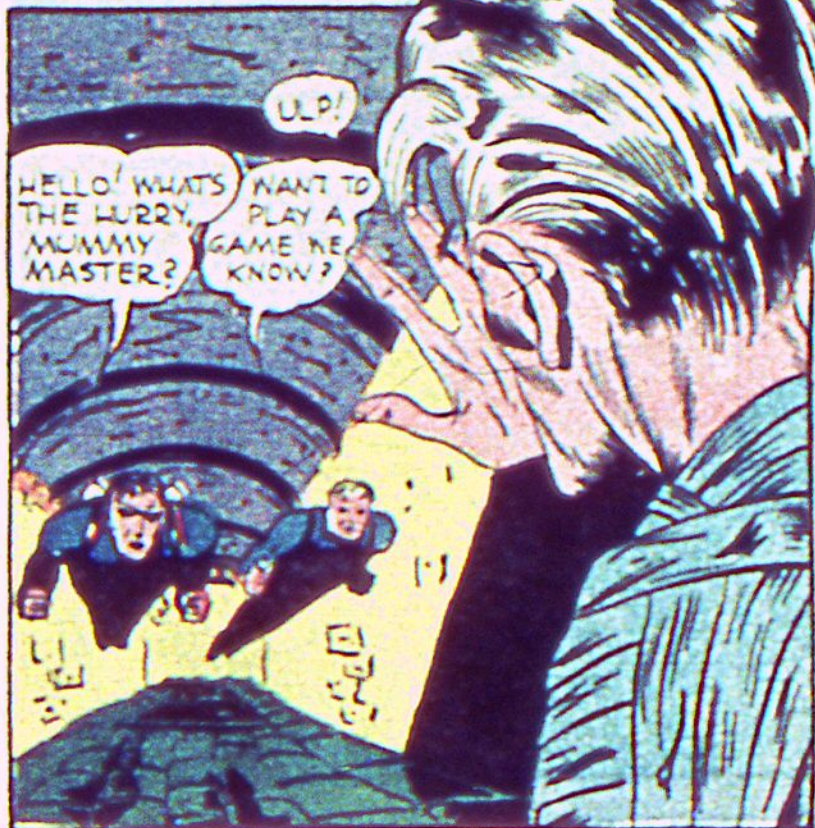
EEEE! WE'LL FALL RIGHT ON THOSE SHARP SPIKES... OOOO!!



BUT WITH THE QUICKNESS OF THOUGHT THEY USE THEIR LICEFLYERS.

NOT WHILE WE CAN DO THIS!

NARROW SQUEAK! ALMOST FORGOT!



ULP!

HELLO! WHATS THE HURRY, MUMMY MASTER?

WANT TO PLAY A GAME NE KNOW?



WE CALL IT SPIN THE BOTTLE. YOU BE THE BOTTLE!

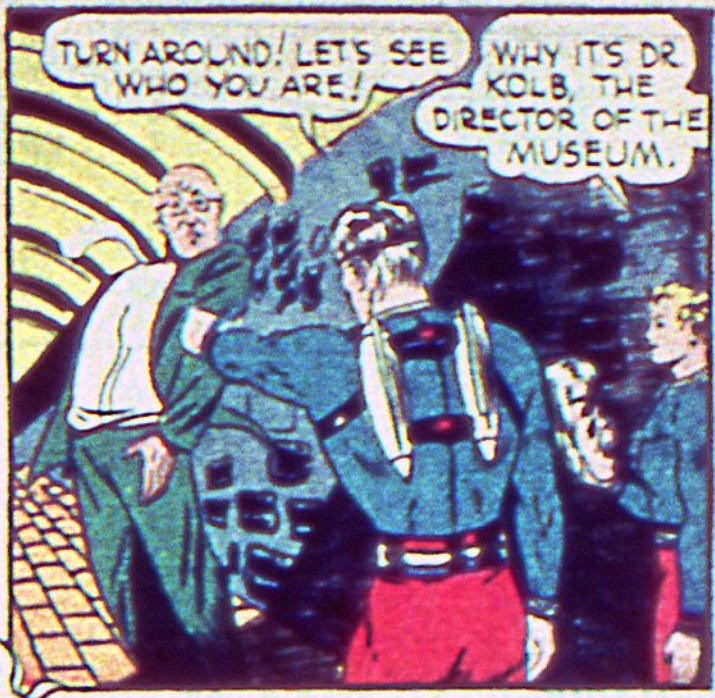
HELP! LET ME GO! OOOOO.....



HIS MUMMY WRAPPINGS COMPLETELY UN-RAILED BY THE SPIN, THE MUMMY MASTER STAGGERS DIZZILY!

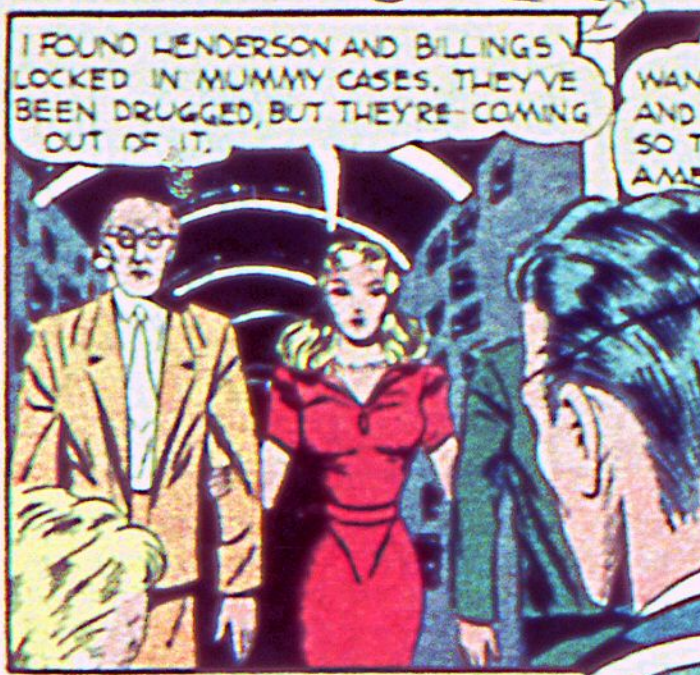
OWWW, MY STOMACH... I'M SICK...

HA HA, HE DIDN'T LIKE THE GAME!



TURN AROUND! LET'S SEE WHO YOU ARE!

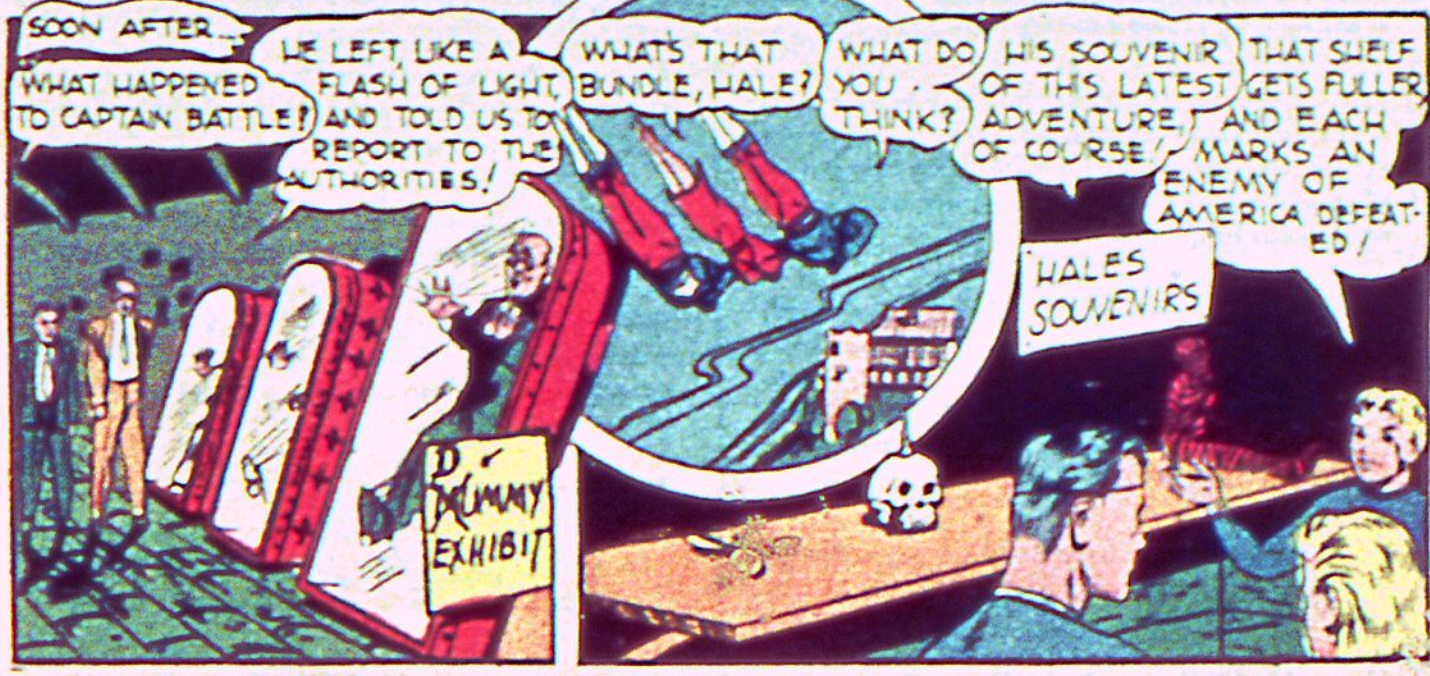
WHY IT'S DR. KOLB, THE DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM.



I FOUND HENDERSON AND BILLINGS LOCKED IN MUMMY CASES. THEY'VE BEEN DRUGGED, BUT THEY'RE COMING OUT OF IT.

DR. KOLB DRUGGED US! HE WANTED TO WRECK OUR MINDS, AND THEN RETURN US TO OUR JOBS, SO THAT WE WOULD JUMBLE AMERICAN DEFENSE PREPARATIONS!

HE'S PAID NAZI AGENTS AND POSED AS THE MUMMY MASTER!



SOON AFTER... WHAT HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN BATTLE!

WE LEFT, LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHT, AND TOLD US TO REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES!

WHAT'S THAT BUNDLE, HALE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

HIS SOUVENIR OF THIS LATEST ADVENTURE, OF COURSE!

THAT SHELF GETS FULLER, AND EACH MARKS AN ENEMY OF AMERICA DEFEATED!

HALES SOUVENIRS



Captain BATTLE

BOY'S BRIGADE!



Dear Fellow Members:

I know each one of you will be glad to learn that our membership reaches from coast to coast. Yes, sir ... we're a pretty big outfit ... with a lot of fine ideas on how to fight for this democracy of ours. Letters have been coming from all over the country on ideas for activities for each Battalion on which we'll print some soon. Don't forget that we pay a dollar for any idea used, so hurry it up and send in some more.

You all read about my adventures and now I'd like to read some of yours. I know a lot of you fellows have taken part in some heroic exploit, like saving somebody from drowning, or putting out a fire, and things like that ... so how about writing to me about them? You'll get a medal in return for a letter. Fair enough, isn't it?

And how about getting more of the gang around your block to join the Brigade? We want our outfit to be the biggest and the best in the country.

My pal, DAREDEVIL, got a letter from Pat Volpe of Union City, N. J., who says that he thinks DAREDEVIL is tops but he can't figure out how he gets his costume on, or how it fits over his face and mouth so well. I suppose many of you boys and girls wonder about this, too, so ... we'll let you in on an official secret! DAREDEVIL'S costume is made of rubber and it's got a zipper down the back. In a future issue of SILVER STREAK COMICS he'll show you how he puts it on. And, Pat, thanks for the drawing.

Beatrice Warren, of Portsmouth, Va., asks how much a Lucelyster costs. Well, Beatrice, I'm sorry, but they're not for sale. You see, if I put them on the market a lot of people would use them for making war, and we don't want that to happen, do we?

Say! Here's something that makes me feel good. Boys and girls all over the country have gone ahead on their own and organized SILVER STREAK CLUBS, made up of readers of SILVER STREAK COMICS. Well, we're going to plan some pleasant surprises for them, SILVER STREAK and I.

While I think of it, let me remind you not to forget to get your copy of my own comic book, "CAPTAIN BATTLE

COMICS." There's action galore in this one. If your newsstand hasn't any copy, tell them to get it for you.

Here's a letter and a drawing from Johnny Curran, of Astoria, L. I., a member, describing the heroic rescue of a dog in front of a speeding truck. The hero was also a Brigade member who prefers out of modesty, not to have his name mentioned. Well, whoever you are, Buddy, we're proud of you.



All my buddies in the magazine, SILVER STREAK, DAREDEVIL, DICKIE DEAN, etc., want to thank the following readers for their letters: Dickie Spencer, of Columbia, Mo.; Lawrence Flynn, of N. Cambridge, Mass.; Charles La Croix, of Woodsfield, Ohio; Joan Oliver, of Martin, Tenn.; Arlene Gutshall, of Marysville, Pa.; Teresa Lopes, of Caldwell, N. J.; Donald Carrick of Dearborn, Mich.; Alan B. Helfrich, Jr., of Old Greenwich, Conn.; James Smith, of Washington, D. C.; Albert Hutchinson, of Arkansas City, Kansas.

I'm very happy to welcome to our family of adventurers three members of my BOY'S BRIGADE, THE BINGHAM BOYS and their pal, SPECS. These fellows run into as much trouble as I do, almost, and boy! ... are they full of action. I'm sure you're going to like the stories of their adventures from now on in our magazine. Write me and let me know.

See you all next month.

Capt. Battle



CAPTAIN BATTLE'S PUZZLE PAGE

IT · IT · RED · AS · IS · IS
NOW · WONDER · A

IT IS POSSIBLE TO REARRANGE ALL OF THE ABOVE NINE WORDS TO FORM A SENTENCE THAT WILL READ THE SAME FORWARD OR BACKWARD, AS, "MADAM, I'M ADAM."

CAN YOU DO IT?

AMERICAN



WHAT BROKE THE LOG RAIL AT THE CIRCUS? RE-ARRANGE ALL OF THE LETTERS IN "LOG RAIL" TO SPELL ITS NAME.



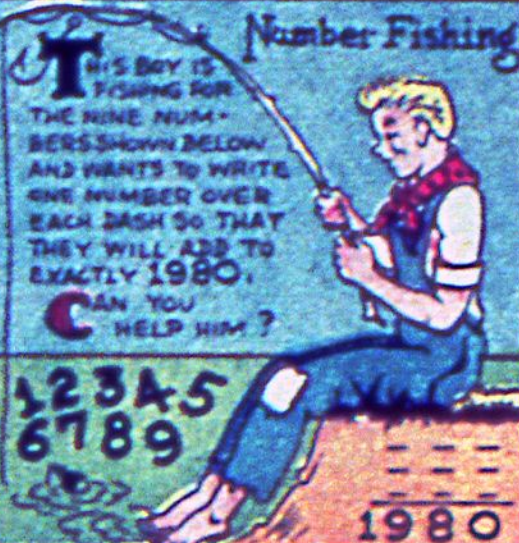
By using ANY OF THE ABOVE LETTERS TRY TO SPELL EIGHT THREE-LETTER WORDS TO FIT THE FOLLOWING DEFINITIONS:

1, A VESSEL FOR PLANTS; 2, TO LEAP ON ONE LEG; 3, STRIKE LIGHTLY; 4, SUMMIT; 5, THE WHOLE; 6, TO OVERTURN; 7, SHANTY; 8, BUZZING NOISE.

PARROT THINGS WEL SMART BECAUSE WE CAN DRAW A PERFECT SQUARE WITHIN THIS BORDER AND HAVE ONE BIRD ON EACH SIDE OF THE SQUARE.



CAN YOU DO IT?



THIS BOY IS FISHING FOR THE NINE NUMBERS SHOWN BELOW AND WANTS TO WRITE ONE NUMBER OVER EACH DASH SO THAT THEY WILL ADD TO EXACTLY 1980.

CAN YOU HELP HIM?

1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9

1980

TRY TO MAKE FOUR DIFFERENT ARRANGEMENTS OF EACH GROUP OF NUMBERS SO THAT YOU WILL GET FOUR DIFFERENT TOTALS THAT WILL BE EXACTLY THE SAME FROM EACH GROUP.



WHAT ANIMAL SUGGESTS A WORD MEANING TO GET SMALLER TOWARD THE END?

BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN THE WORD "CARRIAGE" TRY TO SPELL EIGHT THREE-LETTER WORDS. THE DEFINITIONS ARE AS FOLLOWS: 1, WIND; 2, MISTAKE; 3, TO EQUIP; 4, THE SENSE OF HEARING; 5, A FISH; 6, A TORN PIECE OF CLOTH; 7, A PLAYING CARD; 8, AN AUTOMOBILE.



CARRIAGE

PRESTO MARTIN



"MASTER OF QUICK DISGUISE"

THE
ASTONISHING
TALE OF

THE
MONEY-MAD
MISER

WHEN A FORTUNE FELL INTO THE HANDS OF A WEALTH-CRAZED MISER, THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN—IT WAS THEN THAT PRESTO MARTIN, CAPTAIN OF MANHATTAN DETECTIVES, WAS CALLED TO ENTER UPON HIS MOST SENSATIONAL CASE YET—A MAD COMBINATION OF RAINING GOLD AND A WOMAN'S BEAUTY WHICH ALMOST COST HIM HIS LIFE!



AT MANHATTAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS....

I CAN'T WAIT!
I'VE GOT TO SEE
HIM AT ONCE!

B. BUT...



FRENDIA BRAZER, DAUGHTER OF MULTI-MILLIONAIRE STEEL KING, J. BRADFORD BRAZER, BUREAU'S INTO PRESTO'S OFFICE....

FRENDIA!!
WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE?

PRESTO! IT'S
AWFUL!! I JUST HAD
TO COME TO YOU!!





WELL, MISS BRAZER, THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

IT'S ABOUT MY FATHER, PRESTO! HE'S BEEN ACTING PECULIAR FOR A LONG TIME, BUT LATELY IT'S BEEN TERRIBLE!



LAST NIGHT I FOUND HIM IN THE LIVING ROOM PLAYING WITH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN BILLS, AND ALL THE TIME LAUGHING FRIENDSHLY TO HIMSELF! I'M SO AFRAID!



C'MON!... THIS SOUNDS MORE LIKE A CASE FOR A MENTAL DOCTOR, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

OH, PRESTO... I KNEW YOU'D HELP ME!



I TRIED TO HAVE A SPECIALIST EXAMINE HIM, BUT DAD WOULD NOT STAND FOR IT! I THOUGHT YOU COULD HANDLE HIM BETTER!

NOT TO BE PERSONAL, FRENDA, BUT YOUR FATHER HAD A REPUTATION FOR HOLDING ONTO HIS MONEY! PERHAPS IT WENT TO HIS HEAD!

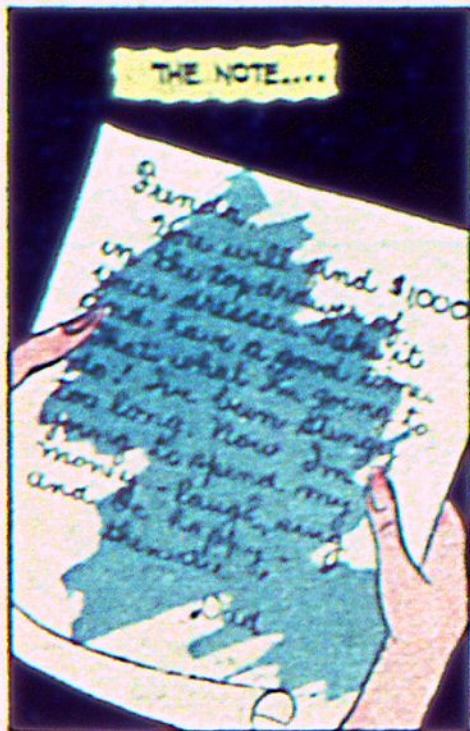


YES I'M AFRAID DAD HAS GONE INSANE! HE DOESN'T SEEM HUMAN ANYMORE!

HMM... WE'LL SEE!



W... WHY HE'S GONE!... A... AND LOOK, A NOTE!



THE NOTE....

Frenda... You will find \$1000 in the top drawer of your dresser. Take it and have a good time! I'm being straight with you. Now I'm going to spend my money - laugh and be happy - thanks to Dad.



SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE ABOUT ALL THIS!

LISTEN! THE RADIO!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WE RECEIVED THE MOST ASTONISHING REPORT! AN ELDERLY MAN IS PERCHED ON GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL TOSSING OUT \$50 AND \$100 DOLLAR BILLS TO A MILLING MOB OF PERSONS! POLICE ARE UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE CROWD!



OH, FRIENDA!
IT SOUNDS LIKE
YOUR FATHER
ALL RIGHT!

I WAS
AFRAID OF
SOMETHING
LIKE THAT!
THERE'S TONY
TRAVERSE MY
FRANCE!

JUST HEARD
THE NEWS!
HURRY FRIENDA!
I'LL DRIVE YOU
DOWN!

MR. MARTIN
IS A DETECTIVE,
TONY! I ASKED
HIM TO HELP
ME WITH DAD!

OH! GLAD
TO MEET YOU!
GUESS THE OLD
BOY HAS REALLY
GONE INSANE!
I HOPE WE'RE
IN TIME!

MEANWHILE AT GRAND
CENTRAL HOTEL...

WOW!
HE'S THROW-
ING MONEY
OFF THE
ROOF!

MAYBE
I'M NUTS!

A SITUATION BORDERING ON PANIC GRIPS
THE CROWD AS THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS
FLUT TO EARTH!



YIPPEE!
I GOT A
BERTY SPOT!

WHILE
PERCHED ON A
WINDOW LEDGE
HIGH ABOVE
THE MAD MOB
IS J. BRADFORD
BRASER,
HYSTERICALLY
CASTING PIST-
FULLS OF BILLS
TO THE STREET
BELOW!

POOLS! LOOK!
HOW THEY RUSH
FOR THE MONEY!
THEY'RE MAD!
THE WORLD IS
MAD! HA,
HA, HA!



I'M DREAM-
ING, BUT I
HOPE I NEVER
WAKE UP!

HOLY COW!
IT'S RAINING
GOLD!

WHY DID I
EVER HAVE
THAT LAST
DRINK!

IT'S A
MIRAGE! IT
CAN'T BE
TRUE!

G...GEE!



THROUGH THE TEEBING
THROUGH, INTO THE HOTEL,
DASH THE TRIO...

SORRY NO
ADMITTANCE
TO THE HOTEL!

IT'S ALL
RIGHT, OFFICER,
I'M MARTIN OF
HEADQUARTERS!
THIS IS BRAZER'S
DAUGHTER!

OKAY, GO AHEAD IN, BUT I DOUBT YOU CAN DO ANYTHING. HE THREATENS TO JUMP EVERY TIME WE TRY.

PLEASE, PLEASE, FATHER, DON'T JUMP!

HERE, MR. BRAZER, HAVE A GLASS OF WATER!

YES, I'LL HAVE SOME WATER, BUT THEN GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M HAVING FUN! HA, HA, LOTS OF FUN!

A SPLIT SECOND LATER, A BLOOD CURDLING CRY RINGS OUT AS BRAZER HURTLES EARTHWARD...

HE'S FALLING!

LOOK OUT!

DAD! HE'S FALLEN! OH...H...HOW HORRIBLE!

HEY, TRAVERS! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! WAIT, FRIEND!

BUT AS PRESTO SPEAKS TRAVERS SUDDENLY SPRINGS THROUGH THE WINDOW ONTO THE LEDGE OF THE BUILDING...

SO MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, BUT HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY THAT EASILY!

WITH PRESTO IN HOT PURSUIT, THE FLEEING TRAVERS LEAPS TO A NEARBY TERRACE...

INTO A PENTHOUSE APARTMENT RUSHES TRAVERS, THEN REALIZING HE IS CORNERED HE SUDDENLY WHEELS ABOUT AND CONFRONTS PRESTO WITH A GUN.....

OH...SO YOU SAW ME PUSH OLD BRAZER, EH? WELL YOU'LL NEVER TURN ME IN!

MAYBE! BUT I'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS! KILLERS NEVER WIN OUT, TRAVERS!

NOT KNOWING THAT PRESTO WEARS A BULLET-PROOF VEST, TRAVERS FIRES FUTILELY AT HIM...

TAKE THAT.. AND..WHA...!

NOW, THAT WE'RE ON EVEN TERMS, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR FISTS!

DODGING A HUGE VASE, PRESTO SAILS INTO THE COURAGEOUS TRAVERS...



YOU PIG, MARTIN! I'LL SMASH YOU THROUGH THE WALL!



QUICKLY PRESTO DUCKS UNDER THE KILLER'S RIGHT, AND STAGGERS AWAY WITH HIS LEFT.

YOUR TIMING'S A BIT OFF!



HERE'S HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE!



MOMENTS LATER THE POLICE ARRIVE....

OKAY BOYS, LOOK HIM UP!

RIGHT, PRESTO!

THAT EVENING THE LATE EDITIONS SHRIEK..

Daily Star
TONY TRAVERS, FRIEND OF FAMILY ACCUSED OF MURDERING DR. BRAZER.

DRIVES PUSHING MONEY CRAZED STEEL KING BROW, WINDOW LEDGE



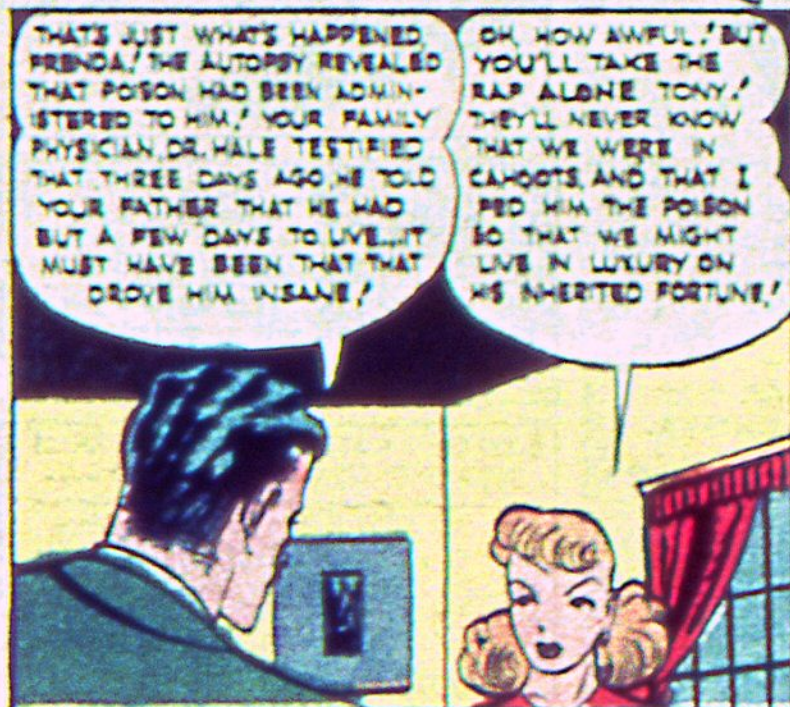
TONY TRAVERS



NEXT DAY AT THE BRAZER RESIDENCE...

I JUST GOT OUT ON BAIL, PRESTO! THINGS REALLY LOOK BLACK FOR US!

YOU MEAN THEY'RE WISE TO OUR SCHEME... BUT HOW CAN THEY PROVE I'M INVOLVED? UNLESS... HEAVENS... AN AUTOPSY MIGHT SHOW THAT!



THAT'S JUST WHAT'S HAPPENED, PRESTO! THE AUTOPSY REVEALED THAT POISON HAD BEEN ADMINISTERED TO HIM! YOUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN, DR. HALE TESTIFIED THAT THREE DAYS AGO HE TOLD YOUR FATHER THAT HE HAD BUT A FEW DAYS TO LIVE... IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT THAT DROVE HIM INSANE!

OH, HOW AWFUL! BUT YOU'LL TAKE THE RAP ALONE, TONY! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THAT WE WERE IN CAHOOTS, AND THAT I PED HIM THE POISON SO THAT WE MIGHT LIVE IN LUXURY ON HIS INHERITED FORTUNE!



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, PRESTO! YOU'VE ALREADY COMPROMISED TO THE LAW! YOU SEE... I'M NOT TONY TRAVERS!

KNOWING YOU WERE ENGAGED TO TRAVERS, COUPLED WITH WHAT THE AUTOPSY SHOWED, I BECAME CURIOUS AS TO JUST HOW MUCH YOU MIGHT KNOW ABOUT THE SITUATION. I SEE MY VISIT WASN'T IN VAIN... CHON, LET'S GO FOR A DRIVE... DOWN TO THE HEADQUARTERS!

PRESTO MARTIN!

PRESTO RIPS OFF HIS ASSUMED DISGUISE OF TONY TRAVERS....

NEXT MONTH -

PRESTO GETS A WELL EARNED VACATION....

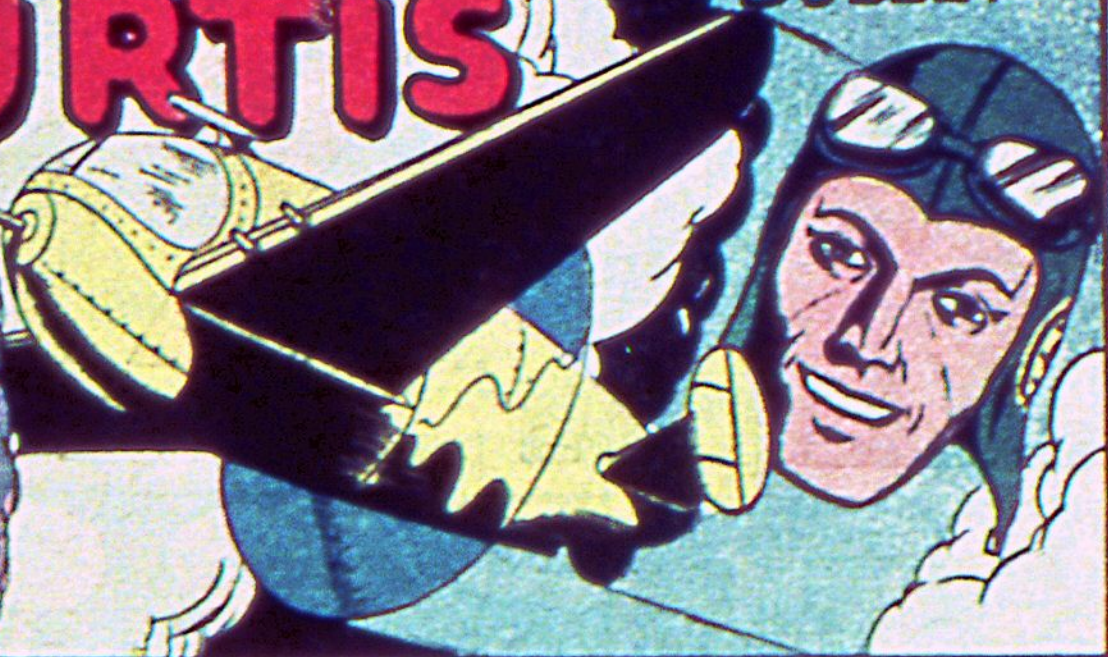
BUT

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PRESTO RUNS SHACK INTO 'THE MAD MYSTERY OF THE MOVIE-LAND MURDERS....

CLOUD CURTIS

and his
GOLDEN
BULLET

UP IN BITTER
NORTHLAND A MENACE
STABS AT AMERICA!
CLOUD CURTIS, IN-
VENTOR OF THE
WORLD'S FASTEST
PLANE, THE GOLDEN
BULLET, FIGHTS A
BLITZKRIEG
ALONE, AGAINST
A BLITZKRIEG
INVASION
FROM ASIA.



S.O.S. SEND HELP
IMMEDIATELY--IN
GREAT DANGER----
ARCTIC CIRCLE---
ALASKA COASTLINE
CAN'T HOLD OUT
MORE THAN A FEW
HOURS--NEWBOLDT
EXPLORING PARTY
CALLING... S.O.S...



A FRANTIC S.O.S IS RECEIVED
FROM FAR OFF ALASKA....

CLOUD CURTIS AND HIS TWO PALS, CRUSHER
AND POP, ARE CALLED----

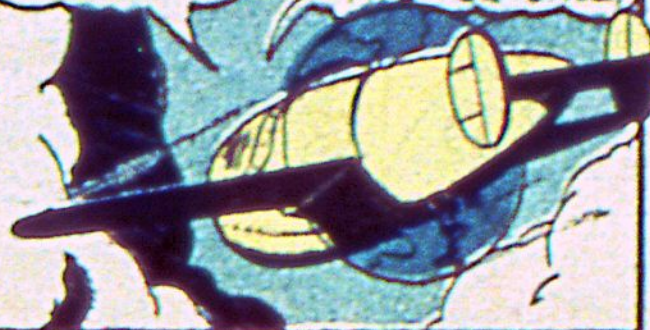
YOURS IS THE FASTEST
PLANE IN THE WORLD,
CLOUD, WILL YOU SCOUT
UP THERE AND SAVE
THOSE MEN?

RIGHT AWAY
SIR!



DIDN'T FORGET THE
LANDING SKIDS, DID
WE, CRUSHER?

NO, BUT I WISH
POP HAD FORGOT
HIS SMELLY OLD
PIPE FOR ONCE!



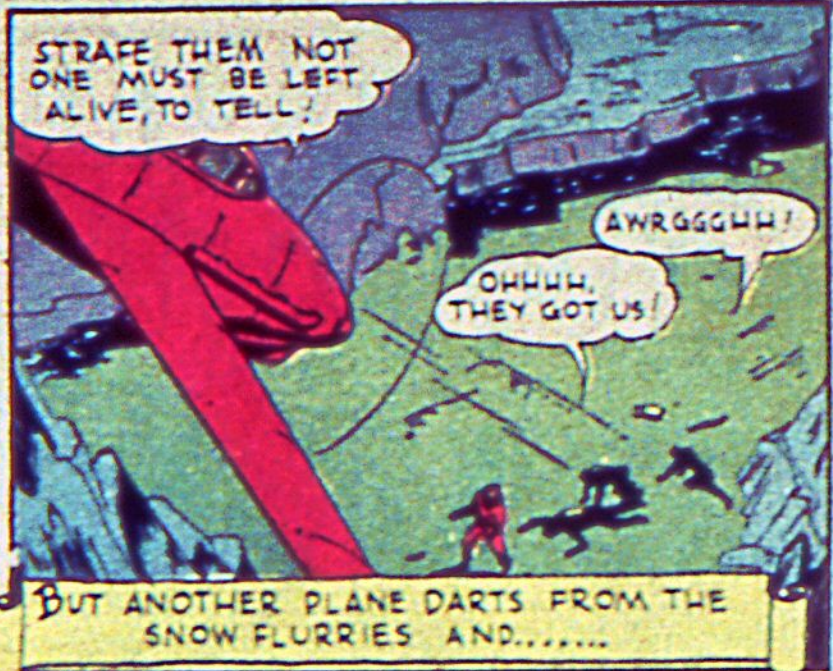
SOON THE GOLDEN BULLET FLASHES
NORTH LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHT!

IN DUE TIME OVER ALASKA...

DRAT THIS BLINDING
SNOW STORM! THIS IS
THE RIGHT LATITUDE
AND LONGITUDE, IF WE
COULD SPOT THEM!

HEY! THERE
THEY ARE!





BUT ANOTHER PLANE DARTS FROM THE SNOW FLURRIES AND.....



AGAIN THE GOLDEN BULLET TAKES WING.



RELEASING THE CAPTIVE PLANE WITH ITS MOTOR DEAD, CLOUD HURTTLES THE GOLDEN BULLET TO THE NAMED SPOT.

WHY THERE'S NOTHING HERE!

CAN'T SEE ANYTHING BUT SNOW AND ICE!

WE'LL LAND FOR CLOSER INSPECTION!



BEATS ME

THAT JAP SENT US ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE!



SUDDENLY...

THOSE HILLS ARE REALLY BARRACKS PAINTED WHITE FOR CAMOUFLAGE!

AND HERE COMES TROUBLE!



CAPTURED, THE THREE FRIENDS FACE DOOM!

SO, AMERICAN SPES! WE ARE READY TO BLITZ ALASKA AND TAKE IT OVER... SO SORRY, BUT YOU THREE MUST DIE WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH YOUR BLITZ!



SO SORRY, MUST DISAGREE! AS FOR YOU INTO THIS ICE HOUSE IT WILL BE SEALED, SO THAT YOU WILL FREEZE TO DEATH INSIDE. GOODBYE, PLEASE!

YOU PLUNDERER!



BITING COLD SWIFTLY CHILLS TO THE BONE! IT SMELLS TO HIGH HEAVEN, BUT ITS W-WARM!

CAN'T HOLD OUT AGAINST THIS COLD, THOUGH.



HEY, POP! THE PIPE'S REDHOT FROM THAT PUFFING. WHAT'S THE IDEA?

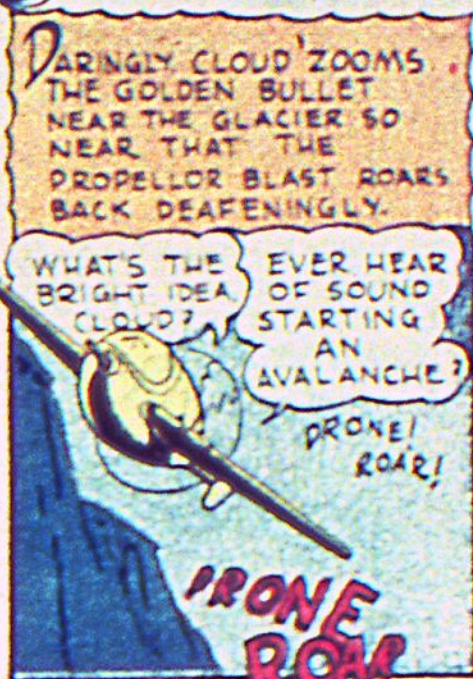
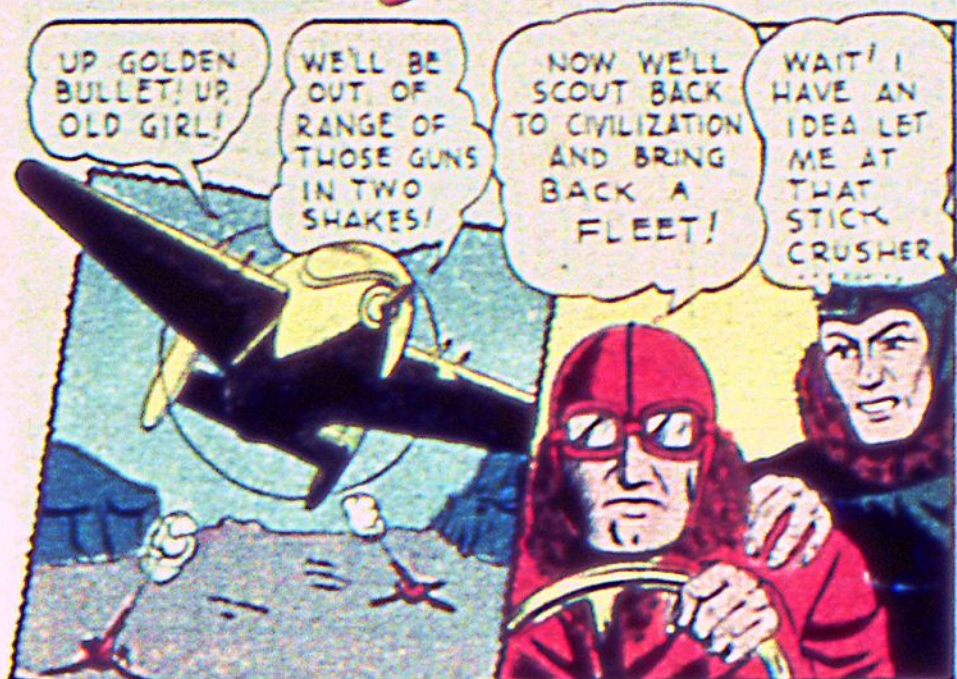
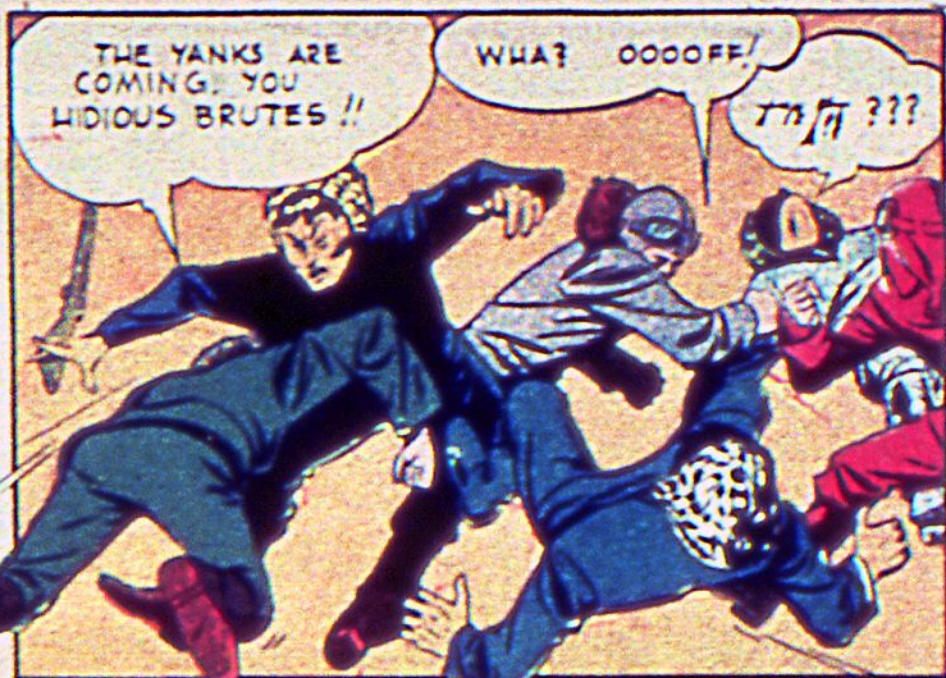
JUST THIS...

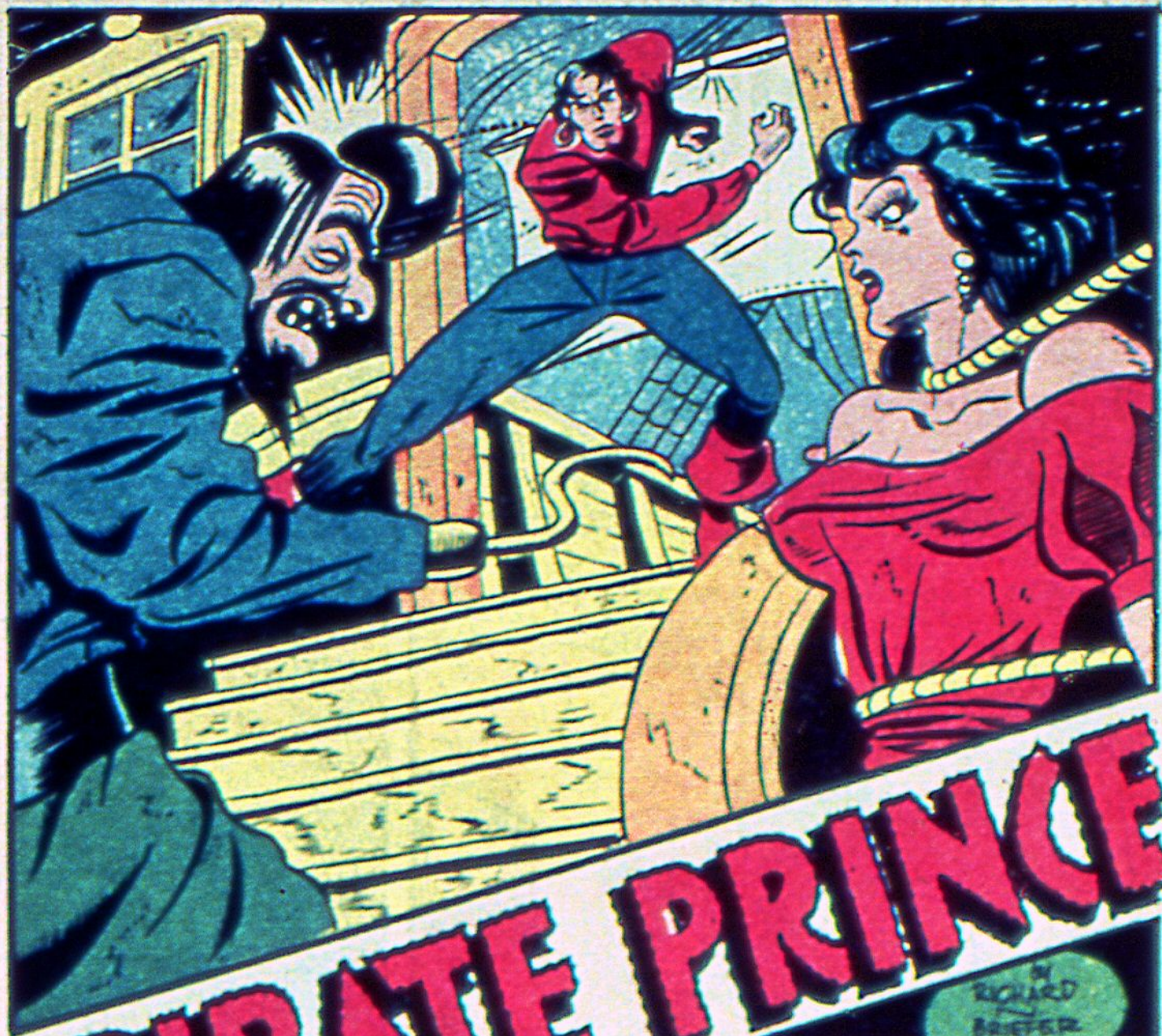


GOOD BOY, POP! IT'S MELTING A WAY OUT!

GLORY BE, I'LL NEVER INSULT THAT PIPE AGAIN!







The PIRATE PRINCE

BY
RICHARD
BRIEFER

OUT OF THE PAST COMES THE
DASHING FIGURE OF THE FAMED
PIRATE PRINCE.....
THE ONE-MAN POLICE FORCE
OF THE SEVEN SEAS.

THE PIRATE
PRINCE'S SHIP
LIES ANCHOR-
ED OFF THE
BEACH OF A
LITTLE ISLAND.

LADS, I'M GOING ASHORE--
ALONE-- THERE'S A
GRAVE OF A TRUE
FRIEND OF MINE ON
THIS ISLAND-- I WANT
TO VISIT IT. I'LL BE
BACK
SOON.

WE'LL BE
WAITING FOR
YOU, PRINCE.

ON THE LONELY ISLAND, PRINCE VISITS THE GRAVE OF HIS PAL.

HELLO, SLIM. HERE I AM AGAIN, AND I STILL HAVEN'T AVENGED YOUR DEATH.

YOU DIED WITH YOUR BOOTS ON, FRIEND, BUT TOO SOON! WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHO DID IT?

YOU WANT TO KNOW? HAH! EET WAS ME... ME, HOOK HOOKER... WHO DONE THE DEED!



WHO THE BLAZES ARE YOU?

WHO ARE YOU? EVERYONE KNOWS ME! I KILL PEOPLE!

COME! EET GIVE ME PLEASURE TO KILL YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE!



FROM BEHIND PRINCE, AN OMINOUS FIGURE STEPS OUT OF THE FOLIAGE.

THERE EES MY SHIP. YOU WILL HAVE FINE COMPANY ON IT—TILL YOU DIE!

SO YOU'RE THE GUY THAT KILLED MY FRIEND SLIM?

ON HOOK'S SHIP...

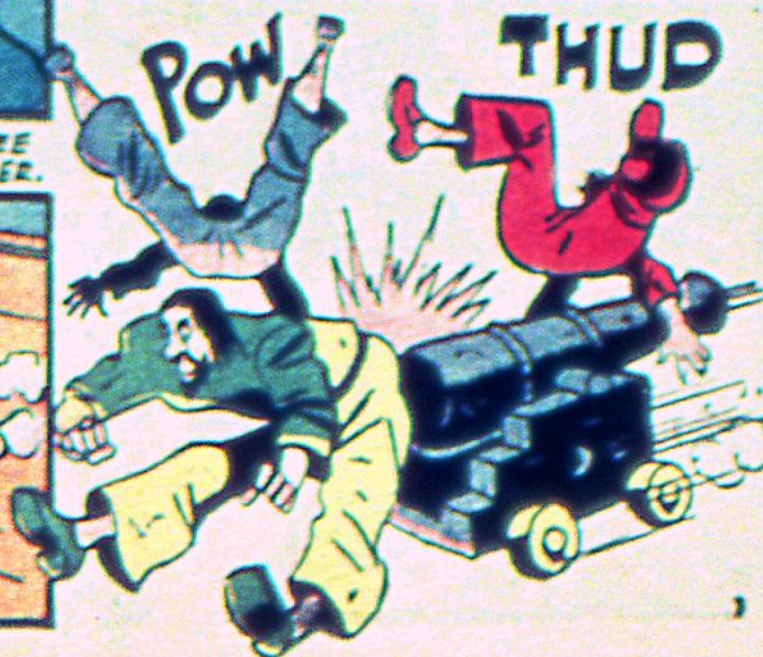
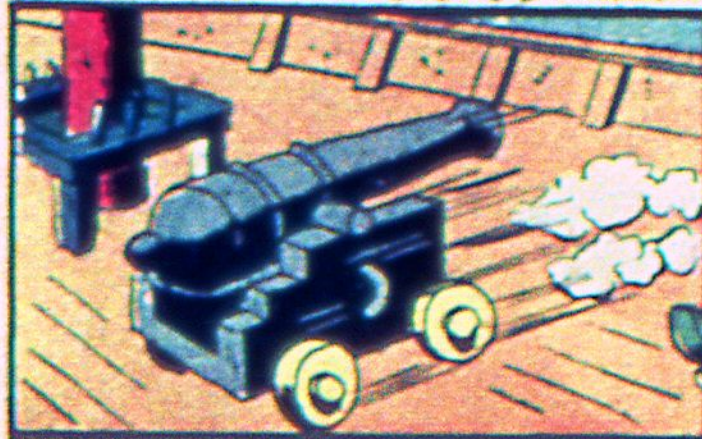
DOWN THE HATCH WEETH YOU!

YES—I KEEL HIM—BECAUSE I DONT LIKE HIM. SAME AS YOU! I DONT LIKE YOU.





WITH THE SHIP TOSSEING TO AND FRO, THE FREE CANNON STARTS ROLLING LIKE A STEAM ROLLER.



"THIS IS THE MOST DANGEROUS ACCIDENT THAT CAN POSSIBLY TAKE PLACE ON SHIPBOARD... A CANNON THAT BREAKS ITS MOORINGS SUDDENLY BECOMES SOME STRANGE, SUPERNATURAL BEAST. IT GOES, COMES, STOPS, SHOOT LIKE AN ARROW... IT CRASHES, KILLS, EXTERMINATES..."

— VICTOR HUGO, IN HIS NOVEL NINETY-THREE.



"I COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER ASSISTANT!"

THESE FEW FELLOWS WHO ESCAPE THE CANNON WILL GET THIS LITTLE TONIC!"



"BO! MY HANDSOME FRAND IS MAKING TROUBLE!"



HOOK LASHES OUT AT PRINCE.



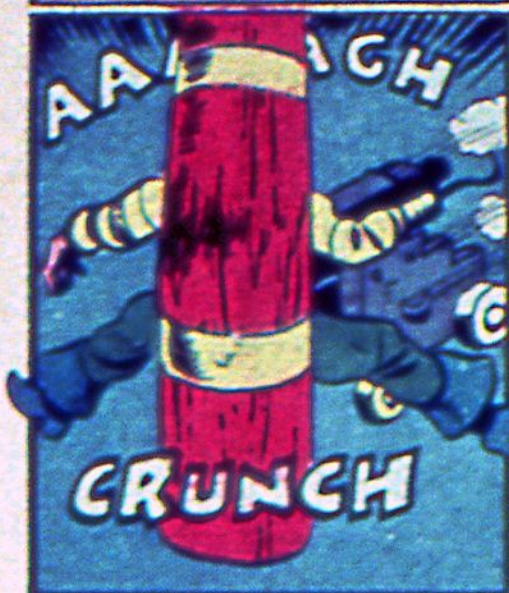
BUT THE CHANGING CANNON CATCHES THE DEATHLY HOOK IN ITS MUEZZEL!



AND SWEEPS HOOK ALONG WITH IT!



THE CANNON CRASHES INTO A MAST, WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS FOR HOOK HOOKER.



WELL, MY GOOD MAN-- YOU'VE SAVED OUR LIVES. OF COURSE, IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG, I WOULD HAVE CLEANED THEM UP MYSELF.

JUST WHO ARE YOU?

ER-- I'M KNOWN AS THE PIRATE PRINCE



THE PIRATE PRINCE! YOU SCOUNDREL! YOU'RE WORSE THAN THOSE PIRATES! YOU ROB THE RICH-- AND I'M NOT GIVING YOU A CHANCE TO ROB ME!

THE DUKE PICKS UP A PISTOL...

DUKE, I BESEECH YOU. THIS MAN, WHOEVER HE IS, SAVED OUR LIVES!



STAND BACK, MARIE-- THIS MAN IS A PIRATE-- HE DESERVES TO DIE!



MARIE THROWS HERSELF AT THE DUKE.

YOU HORRIBLE BEAST!

THAT'S MY CUE, LADY!



PRINCE LAYS INTO HIM!



THEN, PRINCE'S MEN, WHO WERE SEARCHING FOR PRINCE, COME UPON HIM IN THEIR VESSEL.

PRINCE! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

GLAD TO SEE YOU LADS. I'VE BEEN ENJOYING MYSELF.



THAT NIGHT ON PRINCE'S SHIP.

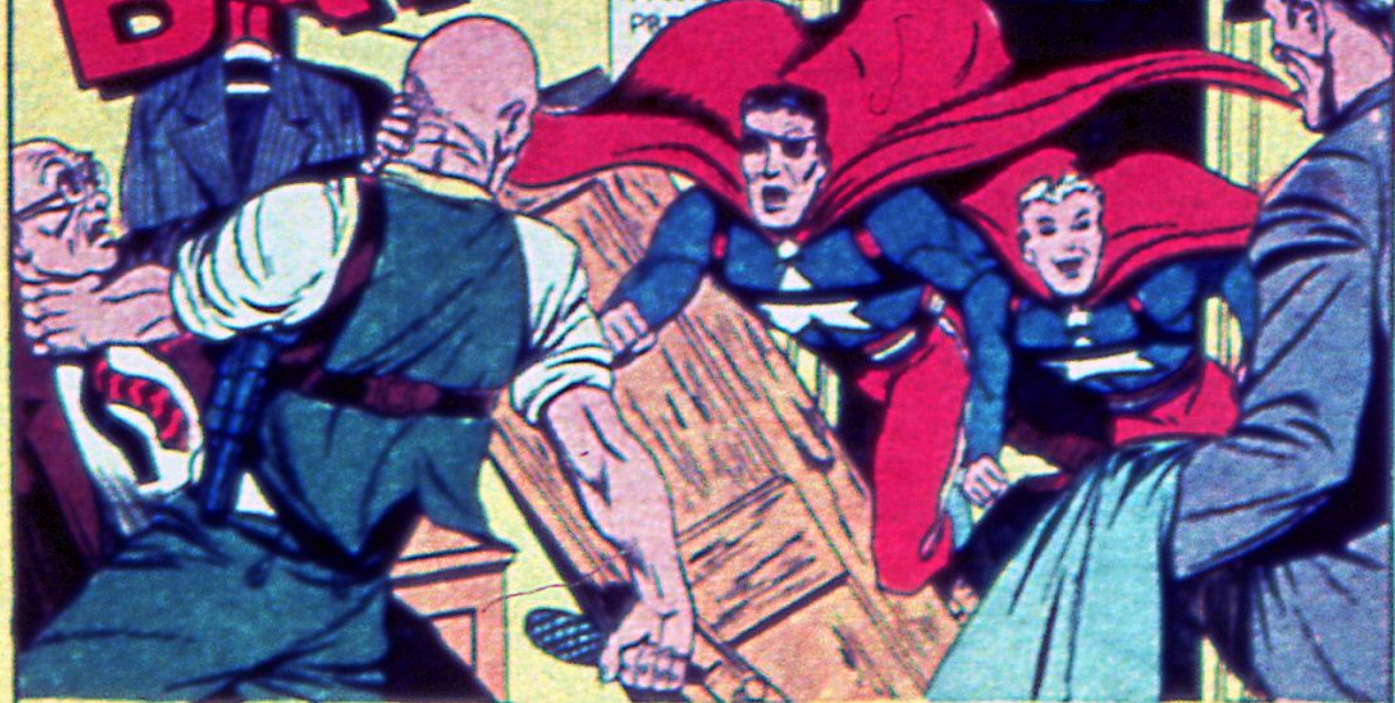
THE DUKE JUST WASN'T YOUR TYPE, LADY MARIE. WE'LL HAVE WORTHY COMPANIONS ABOARD THAT SHIP-- WHEN HE COMES TO--

HOW CAN I THANK YOU FOR RESCUING ME AND TAKING ME TO MY HOME?



HOLD ON, PRINCE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TROUBLE YOU'RE IN FOR. WE'LL TAKE UP FROM HERE NEXT ISSUE!

CAPT. BATTLE Smashes



or The Myth Who Came To LIFE!

By Eendo Binder

Within his tailor shop, little bald-headed Sam Meke heard a car roar by, and then—a ringing crash! A brick came smashing through his plate-glass window, shivering it into a thousand pieces!

Sam Meke raised his hands to Heaven and moaned, surveying the damage. "One hundred dollars that window cost me! All my earnings for a month!"

Now his worn-looking wife and boy hurried down the stairs from their living quarters above the little shop. "Sam, Sam! What happened?" gasped the wife.

Sam Meke was already picking up the brick, to which was attached a note. Opening it with trembling fingers, he read aloud—

"We warned ya! Let this be a lesson. We still want the fee of a hundred dollars. We'll be back in one hour to collect, at three o'clock sharp. Pay up or else! Signed, The Merchant's Protective Association."

There was deep silence for a moment.

"We got to pay them, Sam," Mrs. Meke said brokenly, then. "Even the police can't help. The gang is too powerful and clever. The police can never find their hideout. No one can help us!"

Their little boy, Sammy, spoke up suddenly.

"Captain Battle could help us!" he stated eagerly. "Captain Battle helps all those who need it. Gosh, I just wish he knew the trouble we're in!"

"Captain Battle!" shrieked the tailor, his temper suddenly snapping. "I got no other troubles, but my boy is going wrong in the head! Maria, I told you Sammy shouldn't read those fairy stories!"

"But Captain Battle is real!" Sammy insisted stubbornly. "As real as you or me. He lives in Hilltop Laboratory, with his boy helper, Hale, and his secretary, Jane Lorraine. And he wears a uniform of red, white and blue when he goes out to fight crime and evil! And—"

"Stop!" yelled Sam Meke. "That's enough, Sammy. You get no supper. I'm ashamed of you, believing such things! Captain Battle is a myth, a story. He don't exist. Phaw, that my own boy should—"

"But, but—" began Sammy, when his mother took him by the ear and led him away. She turned at the door.

"Don't be too excited, Sam," she sighed. "Do your work. We got to carry on the business, anyhow, or we don't eat. I'll see if I can scrape together the money—"

She rushed up the stairs, then, so her husband



The gangster Boss, propelled by Captain Battle's mighty fist, went hurtling across the room.

wouldn't see the tears in her eyes. Sam Meke turned back to his sewing table. Shaking his head, he listlessly picked up the last job he was working on when the brick came flying in. It was a strange-looking uniform, with red, white and blue colors. There was a big rip in it, that he was sewing together. There was another uniform like it, only smaller, with a rip in that too.

"Masquerade suits," Sam mumbled to himself, trying to keep his mind off what happened. "They must have been to a wild party, and ripped the suits. Let's see, I promised them for three o'clock . . . I'll finish them just before my . . . my visitors come."

The clock struck three, and the door opened just as Sam Meke finished. For a moment, with a beating heart, he thought it might be the gang. But it was a tall, athletic-looking man and a young boy with keen blue eyes. The man handed over the ticket.

"Yes, here are your suits, all repaired," Sam Meke nodded. "That will be a dollar and a quarter, please—"

At that moment, the door flung open and five tough-faced men came in. Two stayed at the door, as lookouts. The other three came forward. They had guns in their hands. The foremost one, with a flat nose and brutal lips, glanced swiftly at the

two customers.

"You two ain't concerned in dis," he barked. "Ya won't get hurt if ya do like I say. Just march in da back room and stay put. G'wan, march!"

The Boss thrust their costumes in their arms, and prodded them toward the back room. When the tall man and boy had gone in, the Boss slammed the door, turned the lock, and threw the key in the corner. Then he turned to Sam Meke.

"Now," he rasped, "where's da hundred dollars, Meke?"

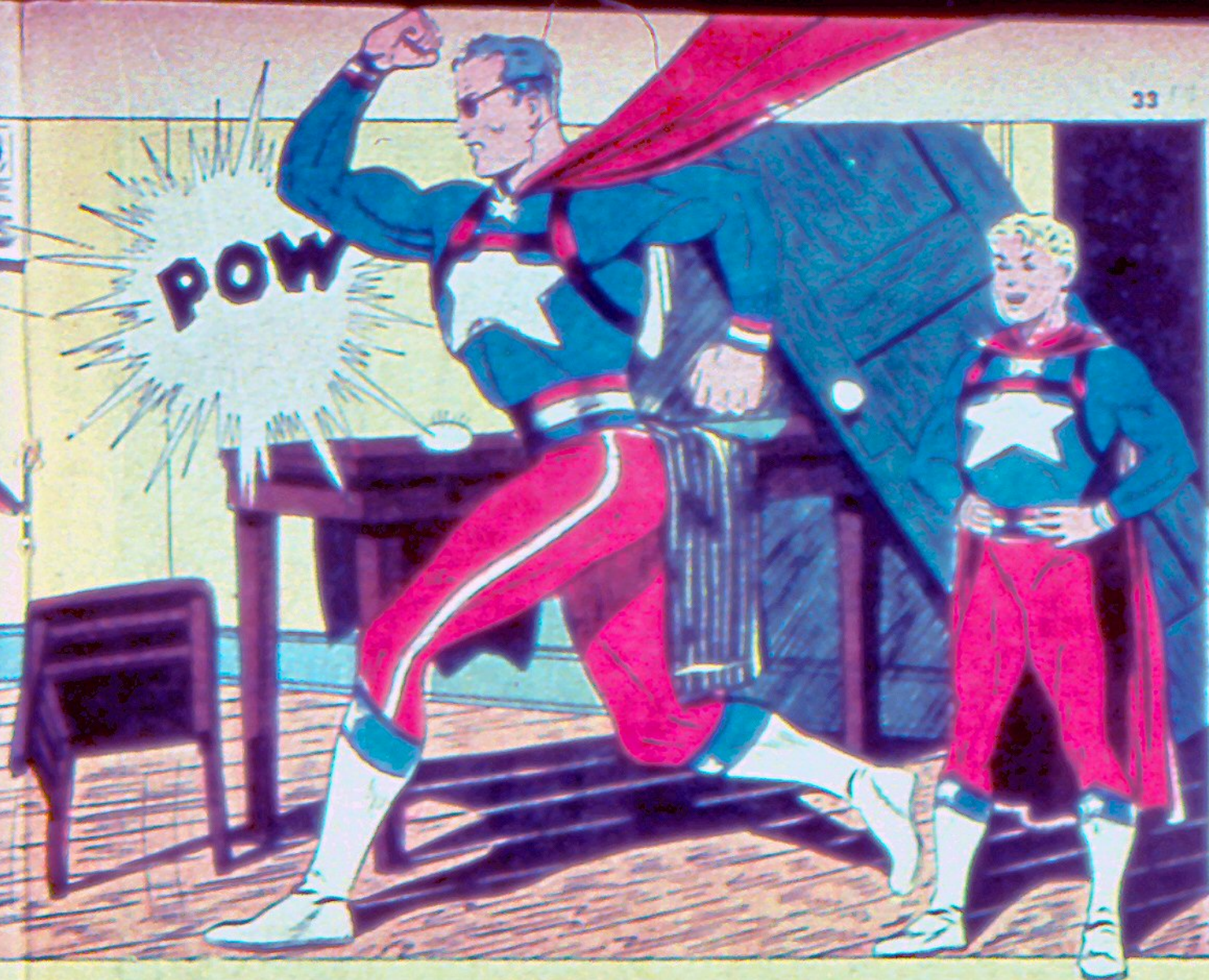
Sam Meke swallowed painfully and held out a bundle of bills. The Boss grabbed them and counted rapidly, then looked up angrily. "Dere's only \$88 here! Tryin' to pull a fast one, Meke?"

"It's all we have right now!" The tailor stammered. "We scraped together every last dime we had and—"

"Don't gimme dat!" snarled the Boss. "I said a hundred bucks and dat's what I meant. We'll take da rest out—in trade! Okay, boys, go to it!"

The other men began grabbing up clothing and suits and ripping them to shreds, laughing.

"Ohhhhhh!" shuddered Sam Meke, utterly crushed. "If only there were a Captain Battle, like my boy Sammy believes in—"



He was interrupted by a resounding crash!

All eyes turned to look, and saw the door of the back room splinter as a form hurtled through bodily, without the formality of unlocking it. It was the tall customer, but now wearing his costume of red, white and blue! And beside him stood the boy, also in those bright, significant colors! The two of them stalked forward and confronted the amazed thugs.

"We heard every word," the tall, powerful man said grimly. "Give Sam Meke his money back!"

"Well, look who's talkin'?" the Boss grinned. "Listen, fancy-pants—"

Craaaaack!

That was the sound as the uniformed man's fist shot out like a piston, straight for the Boss' ugly chin. The Boss turned a somersault, landed in the corner, then pulled himself to his elbow, snarling.

"Give 'em lead, boys!" he yelled. "They asked for it!"

The other thugs shot with their trigger-trained swiftness—pointblank for the costumed man and boy. Or rather—at the spot they had been standing in a split-second before. For the two colorful forms were already diving head-first under the gun-fire.

Sam Meke, huddled down on the floor behind his counter, was never sure exactly what went on. He only heard the sounds—and it sounded like a whole army in action. Mostly, there were solid smacks of hard fists on tough chins, followed by pitiful yelps and pained grunts.

It was all over in a few noisy seconds. All suddenly became quiet. Sam Meke waited another minute, to make sure all was clear, and then crawled around the corner of the counter. The two uniformed customers were gone. But the five thugs weren't. They were laid in a neat row. Each had two black eyes, a bloody nose, and they were out cold.

An hour later, when the police had come and dragged the thugs off, promising they'd never bother the shop-keepers again now that they were caught, Sam Meke faced his wife and son proudly.

"Like I was saying, Maria," he sang out. "I knew all the time those suits belonged to Captain Battle and his boy helper, Hale! And Sammy is a Smart boy! Maria, you shouldn't be so skeptical all the time, saying you don't believe in Captain Battle!"

Maria smiled patiently, and turned away. She said nothing, except hah to herself—"God Bless Captain Battle!"

The End.

SILVER STREAK

and

METEOR



THE BOY SPEED-KING



IN

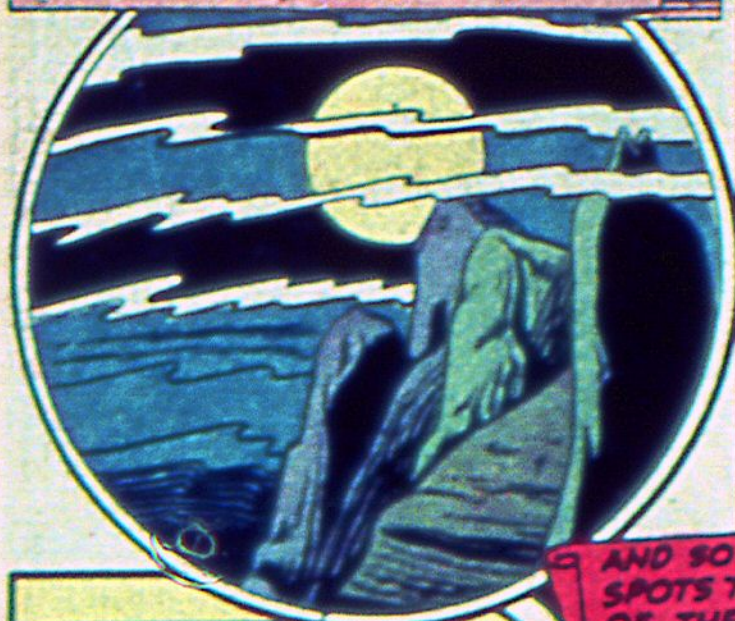
"THE THING THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN."

by
DON
RIGO

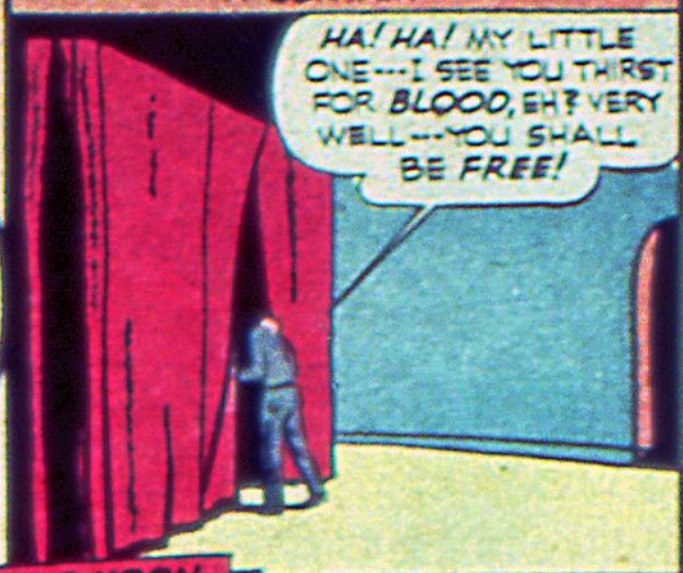
A GRUESOME MURDER LEAVES THE POLICE HELPLESS..... A MURDER SO SAVAGE -- SO BRUTAL... NO HUMAN COULD HAVE DONE IT! ONLY A THING -- A THING TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF HUNDREDS! A THING NOT OF THIS EARTH....



HIGH ON THE PEAK OF A WIND-SWEPT MOUNTAIN CRAG IS THE DOMAIN OF KARL, THE HERMIT...



INSIDE...THE HERMIT PEEKS BEHIND A CURTAIN---



HA! HA! MY LITTLE ONE---I SEE YOU THIRST FOR BLOOD, EH? VERY WELL---YOU SHALL BE FREE!

AND SO THE MOON SPOTS THE FIGURE OF...THE THING... DESCENDING ON ITS PREY!

GO...GO! SATISFY YOUR THIRST---AND YOU KNOW ON WHOM! MY WEALTHY COUSIN--THE ONE I HATE SO BITTERLY!



ARRH!

WHILE INSIDE THE HOME OF RUSHMAN, KARL'S COUSIN--

IS THAT SOMEONE AT THE WINDOW-- AT THIS HOUR?



NO!
DON'T!
NO!!



HOLY SMOKE!

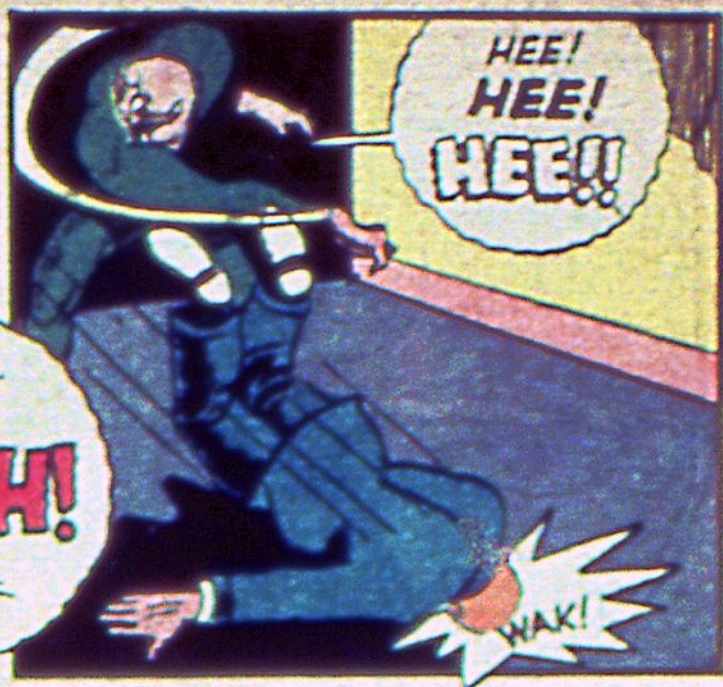


THE THING STARTS ITS GRIM WORK OF FURIOUS DESTRUCTION!



HELP!

ARGH!



HEE!
HEE!
HEE!!

WAK!

ITS JOB DONE...THE THING RETURNS TO ITS MASTER, KARL---

GOOD WORK, MY PET! BE A GOOD BOY, AND MAYBE I'LL SEND YOU OUT AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT!



THE CRIME IS DISCOVERED, AND THE POLICE CALLED IN!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOC?

THIS MAN'S SKULL WAS SMASHED AGAINST THE FLOOR BY SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH!



IT'S BAFFLING... BUT THERE IS NO OTHER EXPLANATION FOR IT! THE MARKS ON THE BODY INDICATE HE WAS PICKED UP BY THE NECK AND HURLED TOWARD THE FLOOR!

IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN DONE BY SOMEONE WITH THE STRENGTH OF A GORILLA!

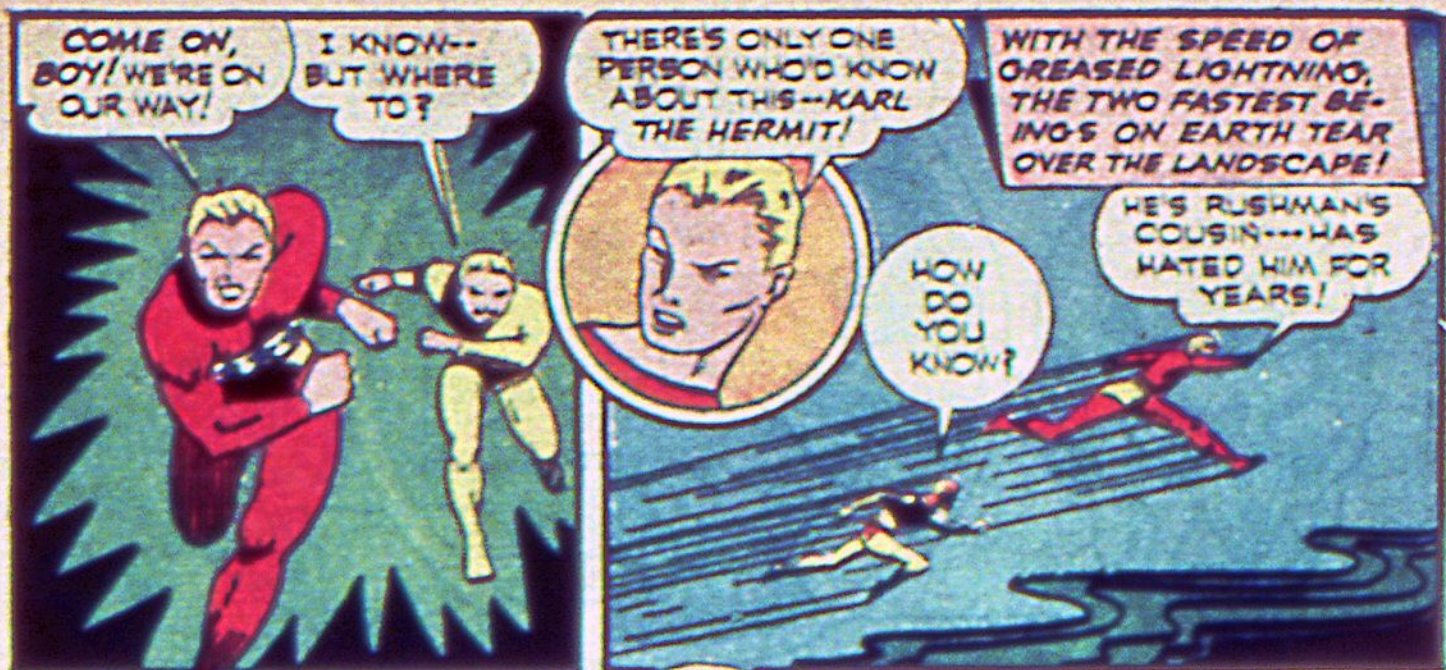


PERCHED ON A WINDOW LEDGE--- TWO PEOPLE LISTEN---

DID YOU HEAR THAT, METEOR?

YEP! IT LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR US, EH?



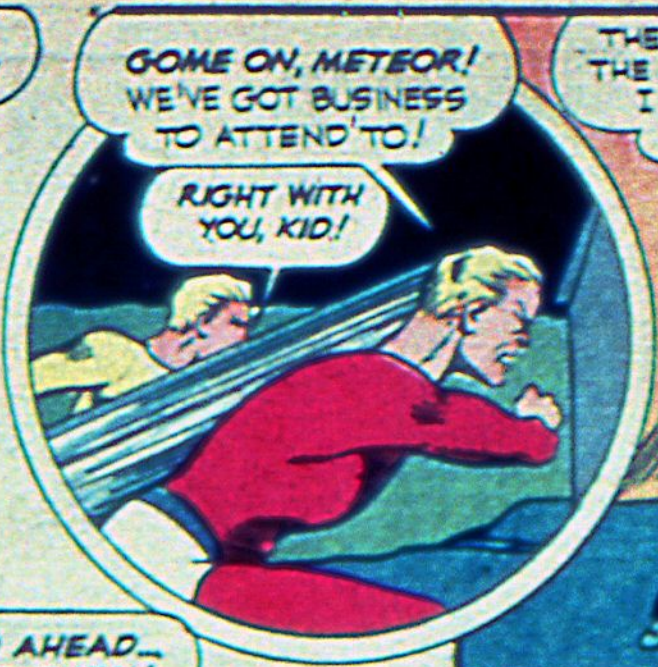


STOP HOPPIN', YOU JUMPIN' BEAN! LEMME SHOOT YA!



GOME ON, METEOR! WE'VE GOT BUSINESS TO ATTEND' TO!

RIGHT WITH YOU, KID!



THEY'RE COMING INTO THE HOUSE! WHAT'LL I DO? I KNOW-- I KNOW!!



GO AHEAD... GET THEM!



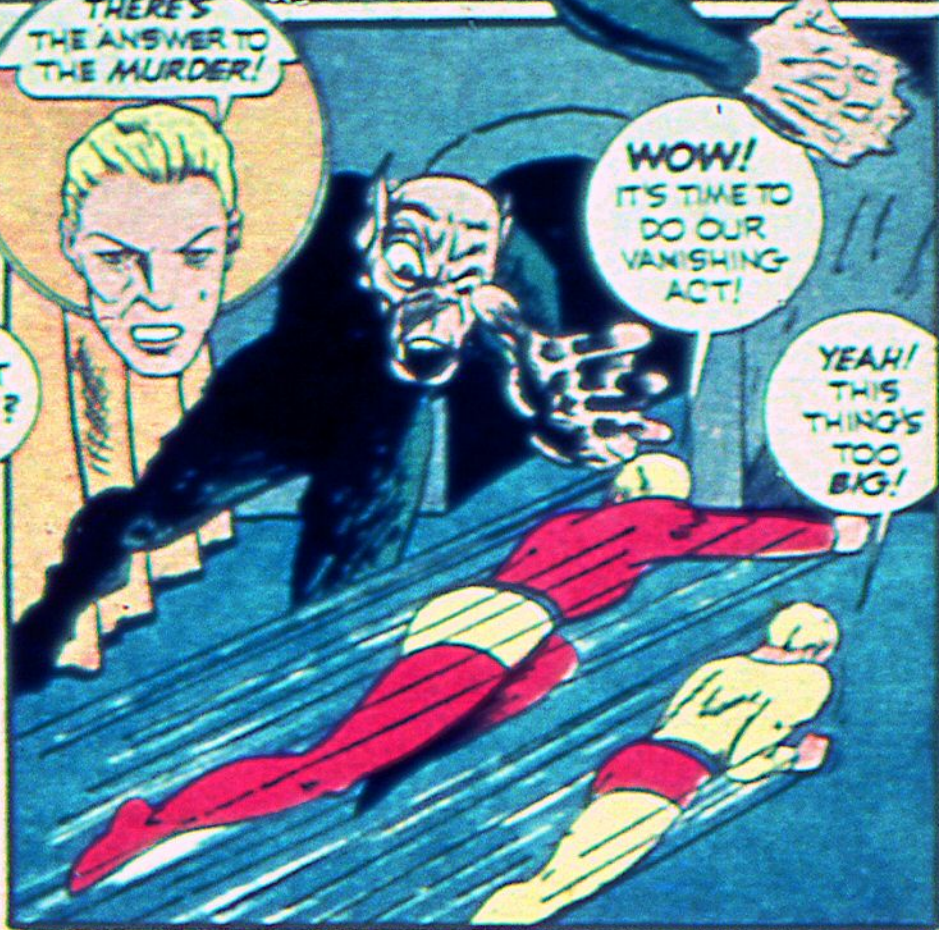
AS SILVER STREAK AND METEOR CRASH THE DOOR...THEY COME FACE TO FACE WITH--

THERE'S THE ANSWER TO THE MURDER!



WOW! IT'S TIME TO DO OUR VANISHING ACT!

YEAH! THIS THING'S TOO BIG!



THE THING!

OMIGOSH! LOOK AT THIS!

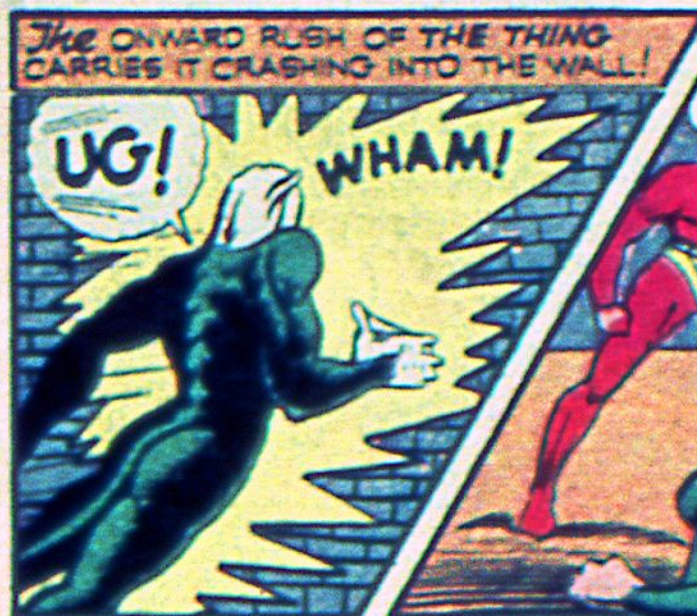
WHAT IS IT?





THE THING TEARS ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARD SILVER STREAK AND METEOR!

WOW! IT'S FAST, TOO!
DON'T TALK-- RUN!



THE ONWARD RUSH OF THE THING CARRIES IT CRASHING INTO THE WALL!

UG!
WHAM!



IT'S OUT COLD! NOW WE'LL GET YOU, KARL!



BUT AS METEOR DASHES FORWARD--

WHAT THE--!



THE THING IS UP AGAIN!

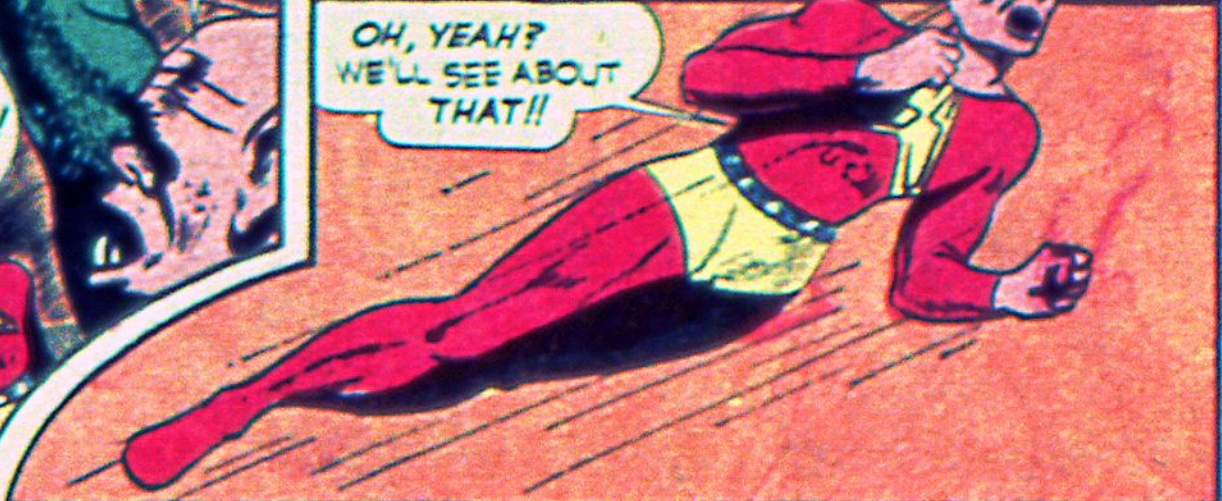
SILVER! HELP! IT'S GOT ME!!

ARGH!

METEOR!



HA! HA!!
YOU WILL BE TORN TO PIECES BY MY LITTLE PET!!
HO!



OH, YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!!

SILVER STREAK WHIZZES ROUND AND ROUND THE THING'S HEAD--

WHEN THE THING IS DAZED-- SILVER STARTS TO WORK!

GETTING DIZZY, BOZO?

TAG! YOU'RE IT!!

BOP!

ATTA-BOY, PAL!

CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER?

RR-H!

DROPPING METEOR IN ITS FURY, THE THING GOES AFTER SILVER STREAK!

GOTCHA!

BUT METEOR SWIFTLY LEAPS UP TO ITS HEAD!

MADDENED WITH PAIN--THE THING DASHES OUTSIDE!

YIPPEE!

RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!



...AND PLUNGES FROM THE CLIFF!



THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF!

ALL RIGHT, KARL... YOU'D BETTER COME QUIETLY!



NO! THEY'LL SEND ME TO AN ASYLUM!



AND BEFORE HE CAN BE STOPPED, KARL RUSHES TOWARD THE CLIFF--



--AND FOLLOWS HIS PET INTO HORRIBLE OBLIVION!

EEEEEEEEEE!!!



AND SO PERISHES ALL EVIL, I HOPE!



WE HAD A HOT TIME FOR A WHILE, THOUGH!

SILVER! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WHAT IS IT?



MAYBE I'M HOPING FOR TOO MUCH--- BUT CAN'T WE USE OUR SPEED JUST FOR A PLEASURE TRIP--SOME DAY?



NEXT MONTH...

METEOR GETS HIS WISH! THE TWO SPEED DEMONS GO ON A PLEASURE TRIP---

BUT DO THEY JUST CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM TROUBLE AND EXCITEMENT-- AS YOU WILL FIND OUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SILVER STREAK** Comics WHEN YOU READ...

"THE KINGDOM OF THE GHOUL!"

DICKIE DEAN

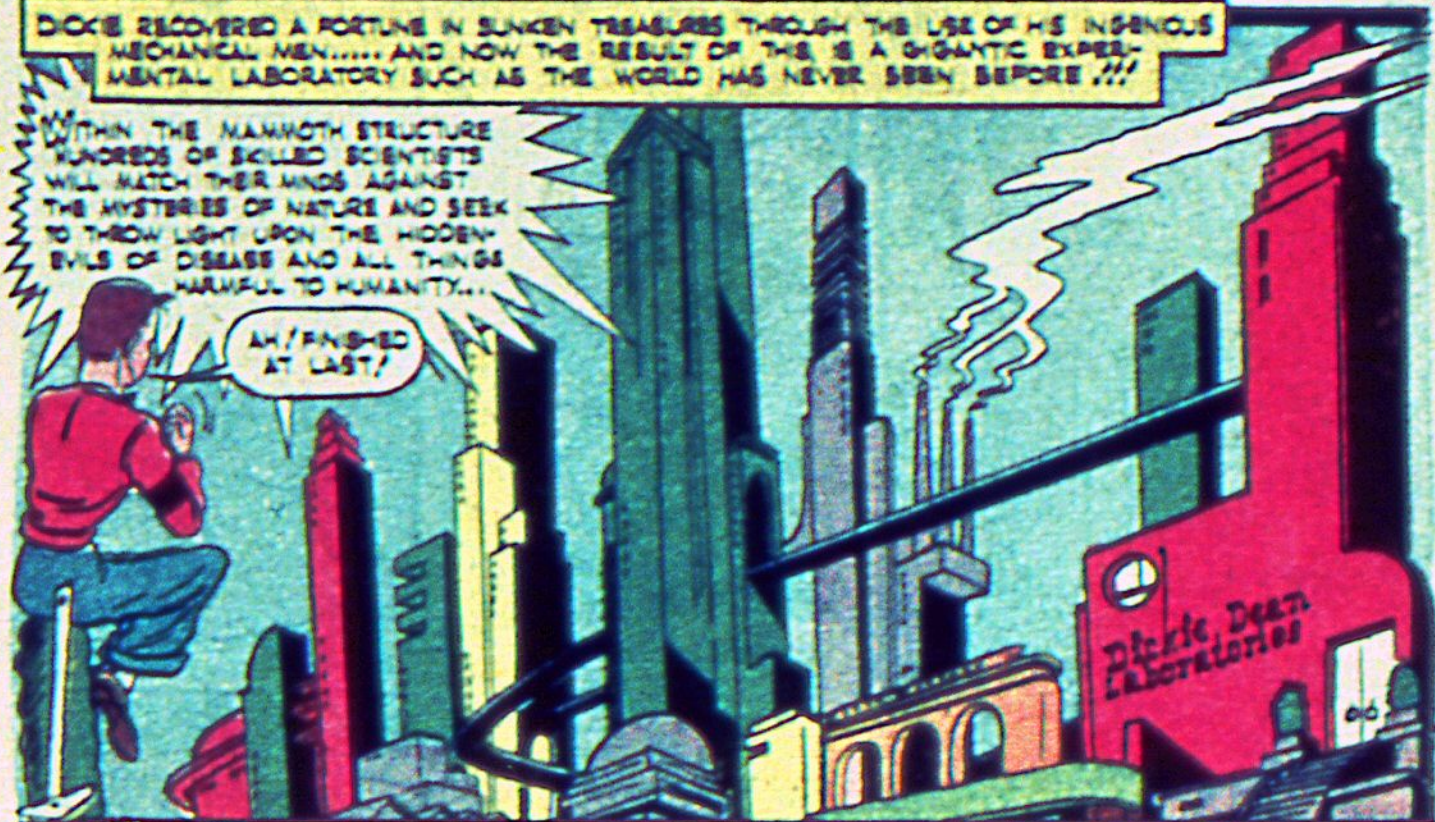
the boy inventor

BY DICK WOOD

DICKIE RECOVERED A FORTUNE IN SUNKEN TREASURES THROUGH THE USE OF HIS INGENUOUS MECHANICAL MEN..... AND NOW THE RESULT OF THIS IS A GIANTIC EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY SUCH AS THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE !!!

WITHIN THE MAMMOTH STRUCTURE HUNDREDS OF SKILLED SCIENTISTS WILL MATCH THEIR MINDS AGAINST THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE AND SEEK TO THROW LIGHT UPON THE HIDDEN EVILS OF DISEASE AND ALL THINGS HARMFUL TO HUMANITY...

AH! FINISHED AT LAST!



ZIP, HAVE SUPERINTENDENT BATTY COME IN! I WANT TO GIVE HIM SOME INSTRUCTIONS!

YEP!



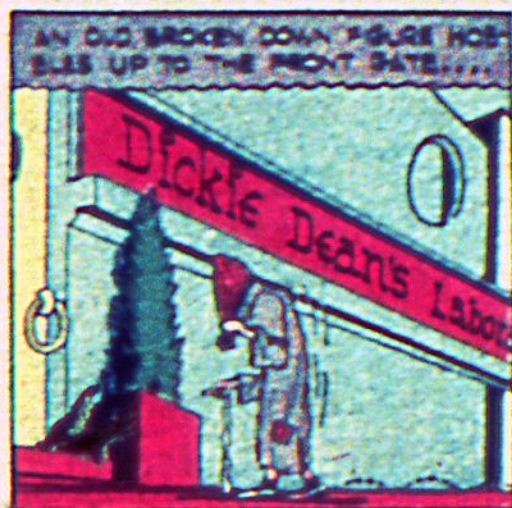
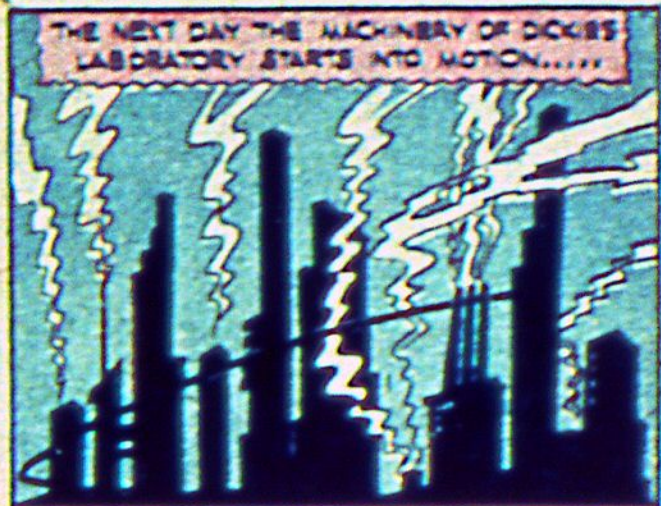
CALLING BATTY! CALLING 'BUTTER-BALL' BATTY!

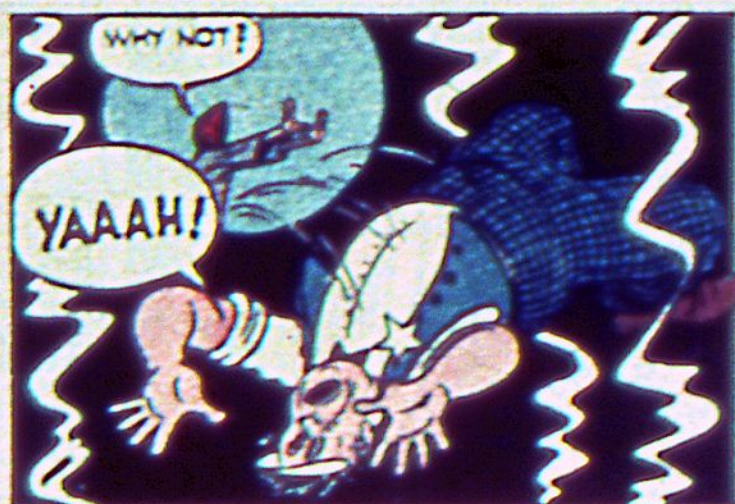


MEANWHILE JEALOUS EYE WATCH...

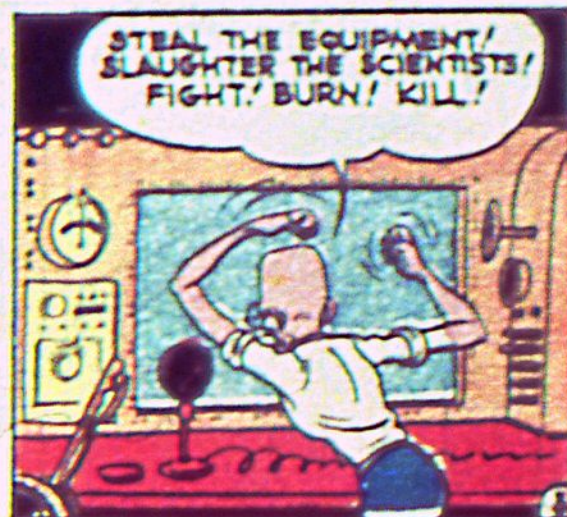
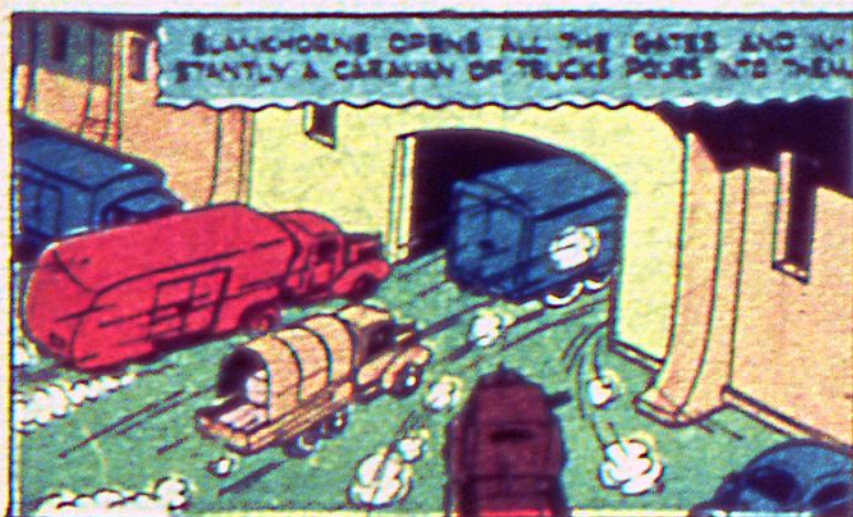
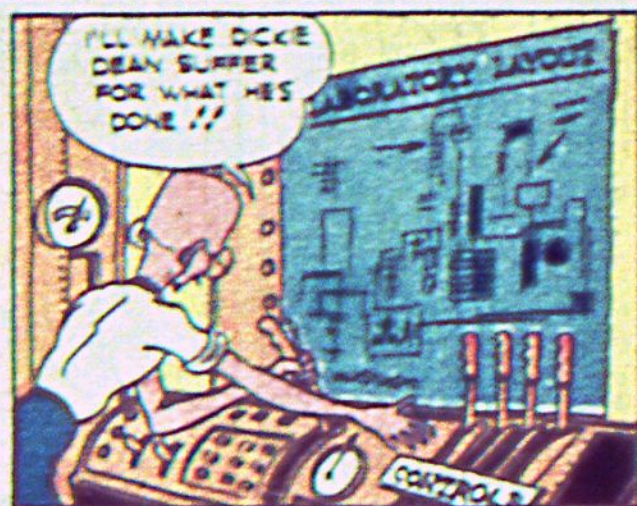


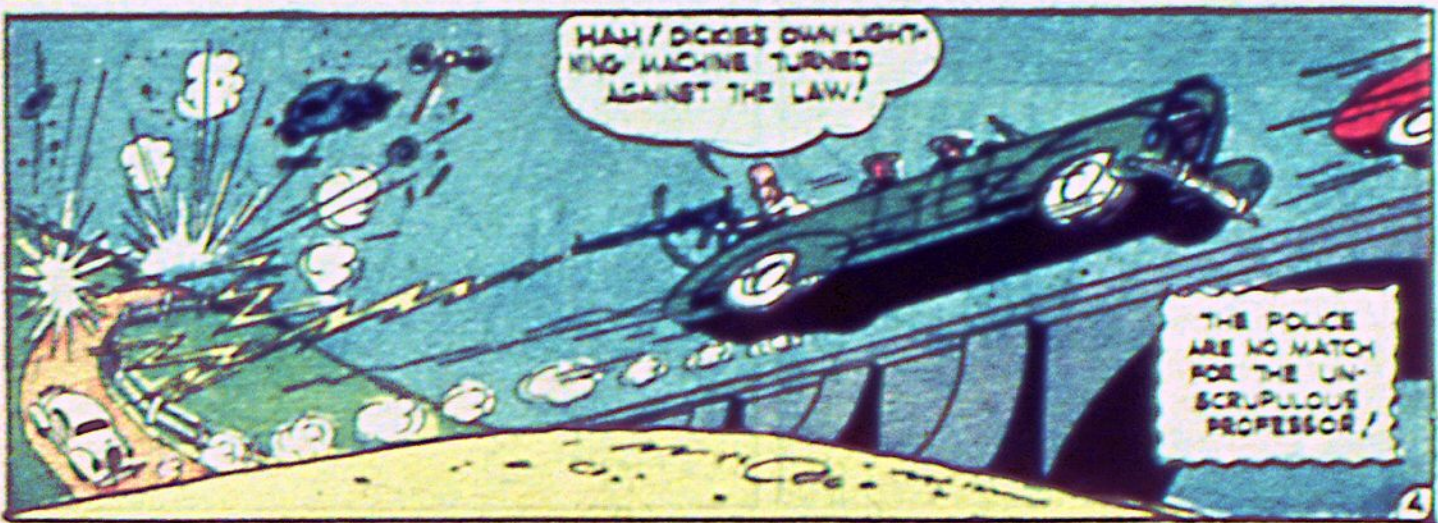
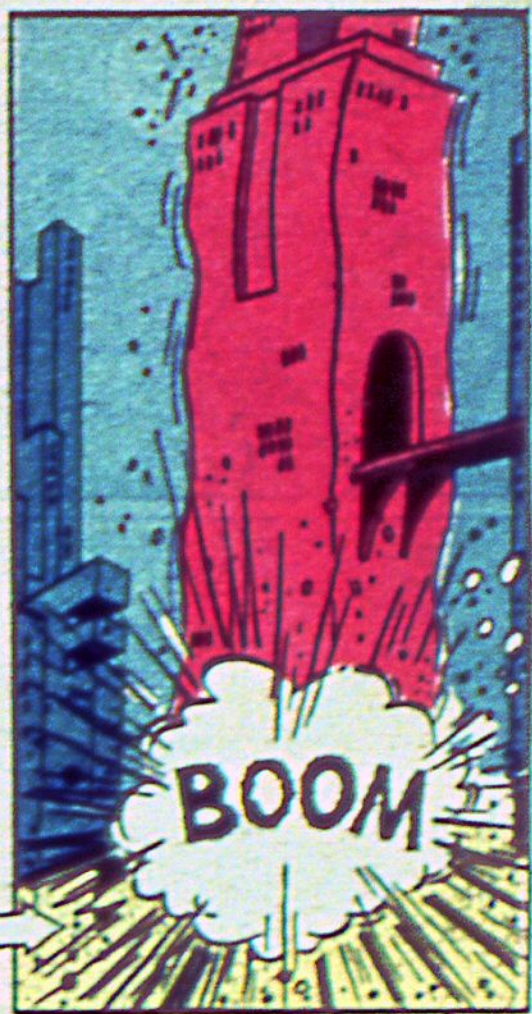
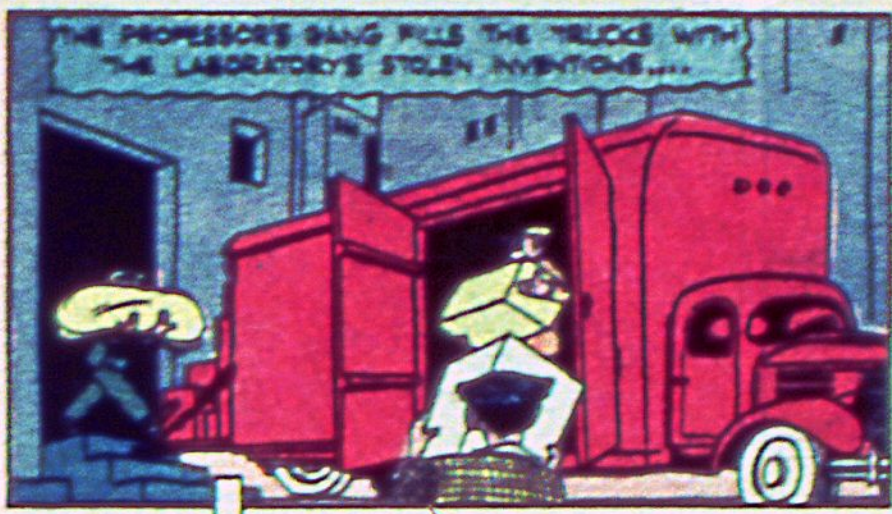
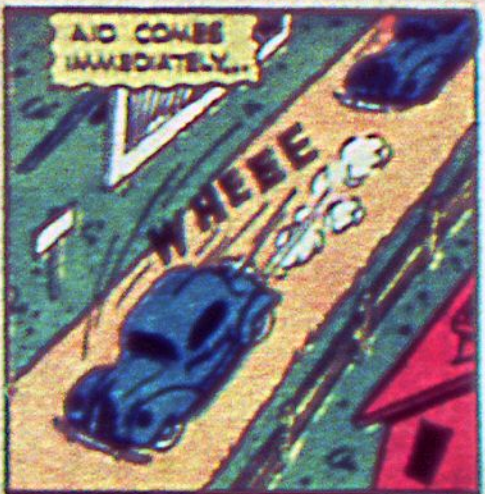
A SINISTER SCHEME IS AFOOT....



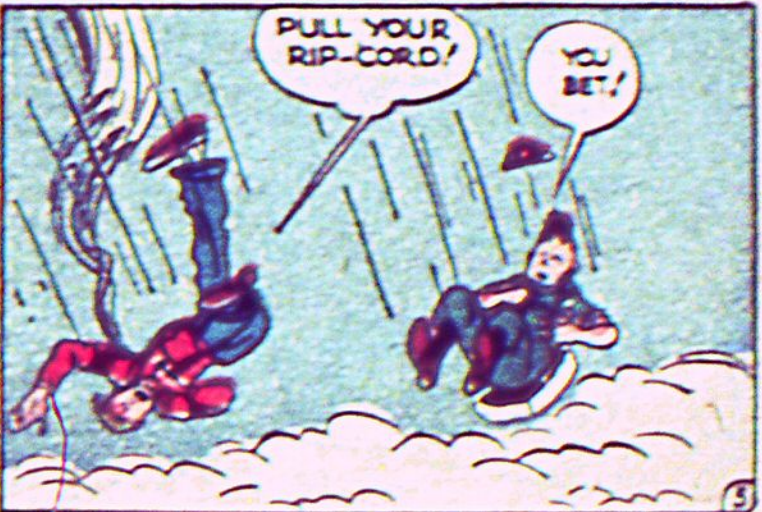
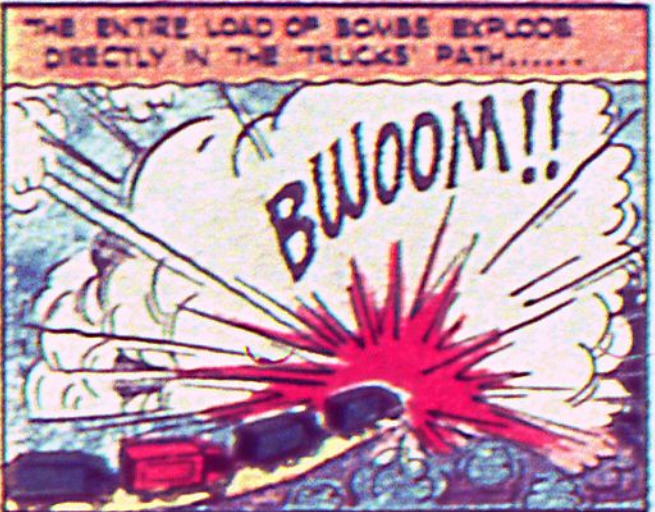
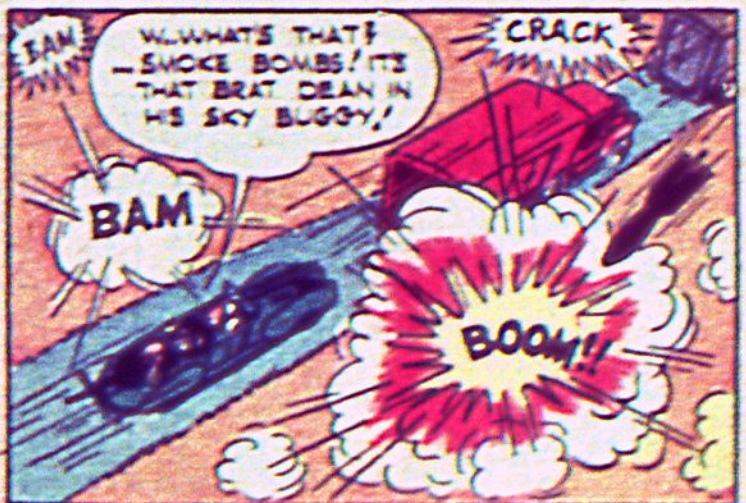
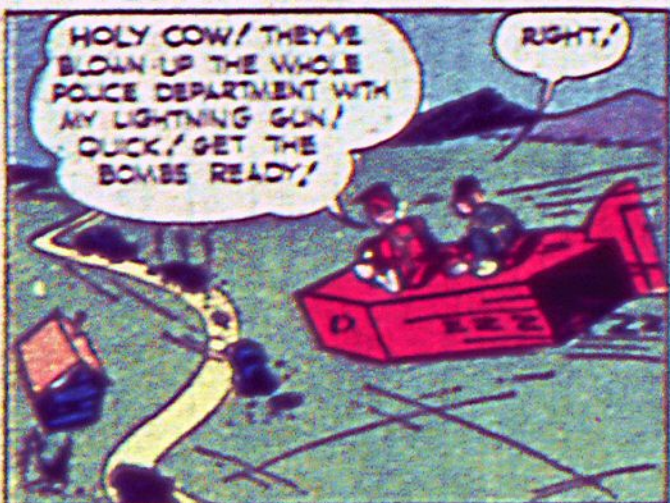
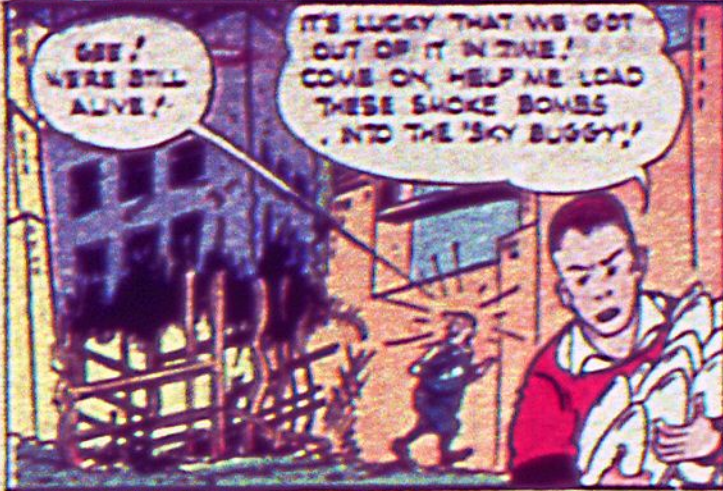


THEN, A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE, FOR THE PEDDLER RIPS OFF A DISGUISE AND REVEALS HIMSELF AS PROFESSOR BLANKHORNE! ...DICK'S ARCH-ENEMY.





THE POLICE ARE NO MATCH FOR THE UNSCRUPULOUS PROFESSOR!





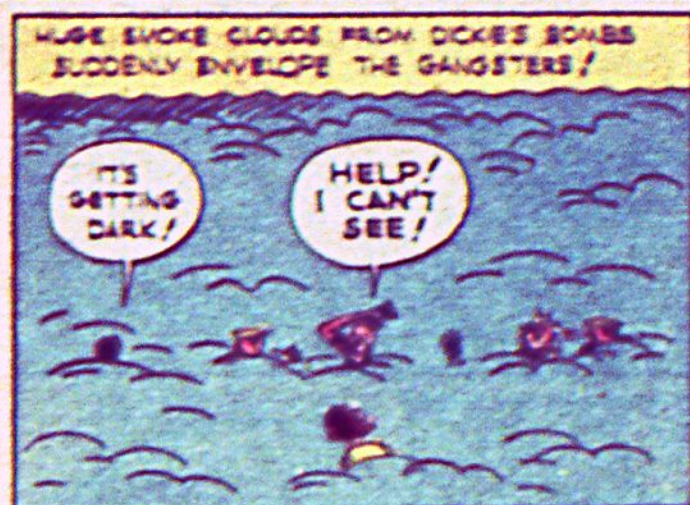
BAH!
THEY'RE OUT
OF RANGE!



GRAB THEM!
TORTURE THEM!
RIP THEM TO
PIECES!

UGH!

THUMP



HUGE SMOKE CLOUDS FROM DICKIE'S BOMBS
SUDDENLY ENVELOPE THE GANGSTERS!

IT'S
GETTING
DARK!

HELP!
I CAN'T
SEE!



GEE WHZ!
I'M LOST!

WHERE'S
DICKIE?



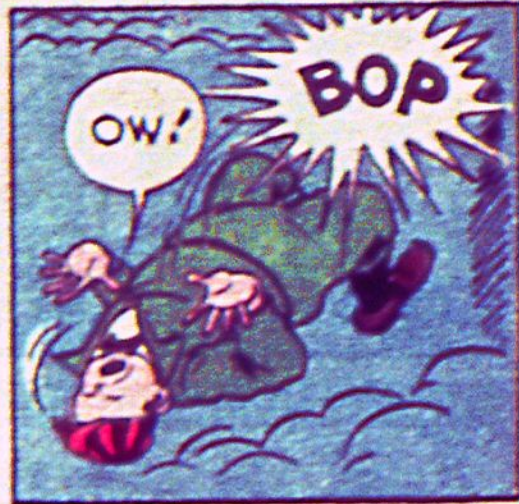
WHAT'S THAT NOSE?
SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT!
MAYBE DICKIE'S
BEING ATTACKED!

OUCH!

CRACK



THERE'S ONE OF
THE GANG!
I'LL
GRAB HIM FROM
THE REAR!



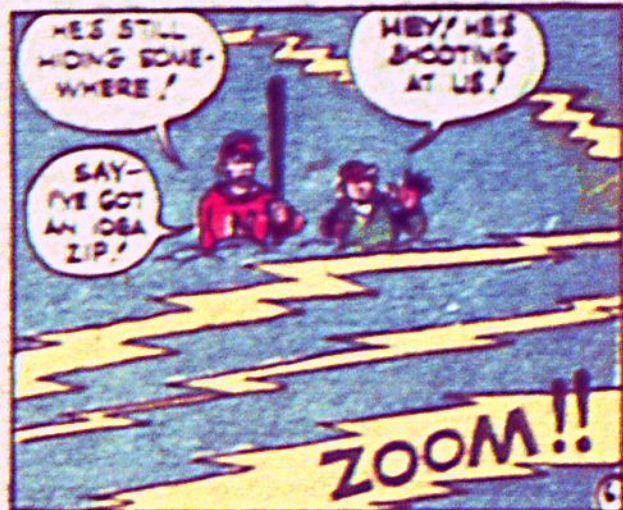
OW!

BOP



—DICKIE!
IT'S YOU! WHAT
WERE THOSE
NOSES?

THESE SPECIAL GOGGLES
ENABLED ME TO SEE THE
GANGSTERS THROUGH THIS
SMOKE SO I KNOCKED
THEM ALL OUT... EXCEPT
PROFESSOR
BLANKHORNE!

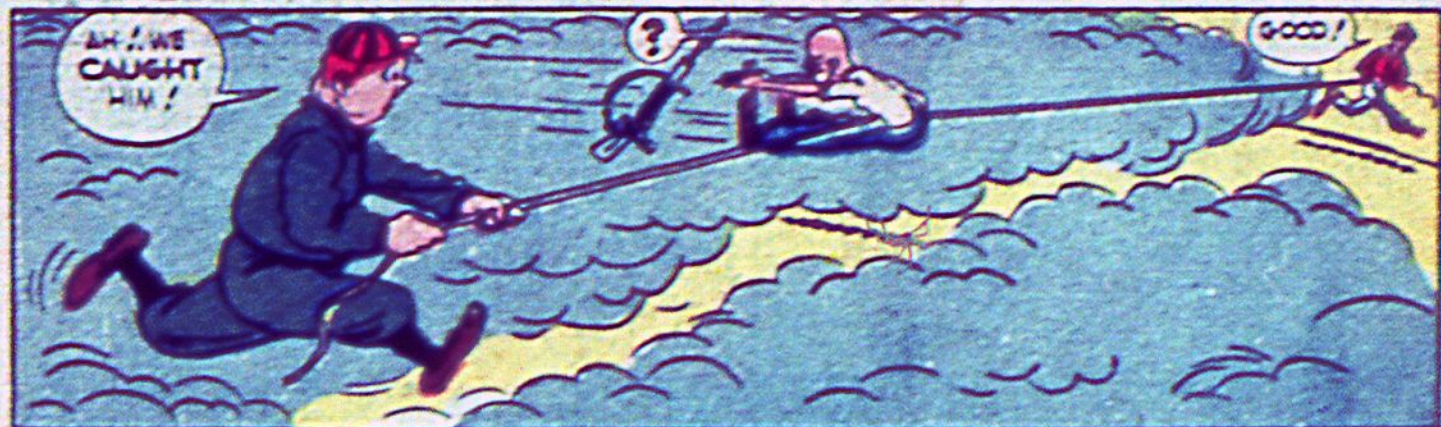


HE'S STILL
HIDING SOME-
WHERE!

SAY—
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA
ZIP!

HEY! HE'S
SHOOTING
AT US!

ZOOM!!



DON'T MISS
DICKIE DEAN
IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE
OF: **SILVER
STREAK
COMICS**



THE WINNAH!

AT LAST! AFTER MANY HOURS OF CAREFUL STUDY OUR JUDGES HAVE PICKED THE WINNER OF DICKIE DEAN INVENTION CONTEST. BOBBY MCGOWAN, OF PHILADELPHIA, PA. HE IS THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE AND ONE OF A CLUB GROUP WHO HAS A HOBBY OF INVENTING SOMETHING NEW EVERY MONTH—GOOD WORK, BOB!

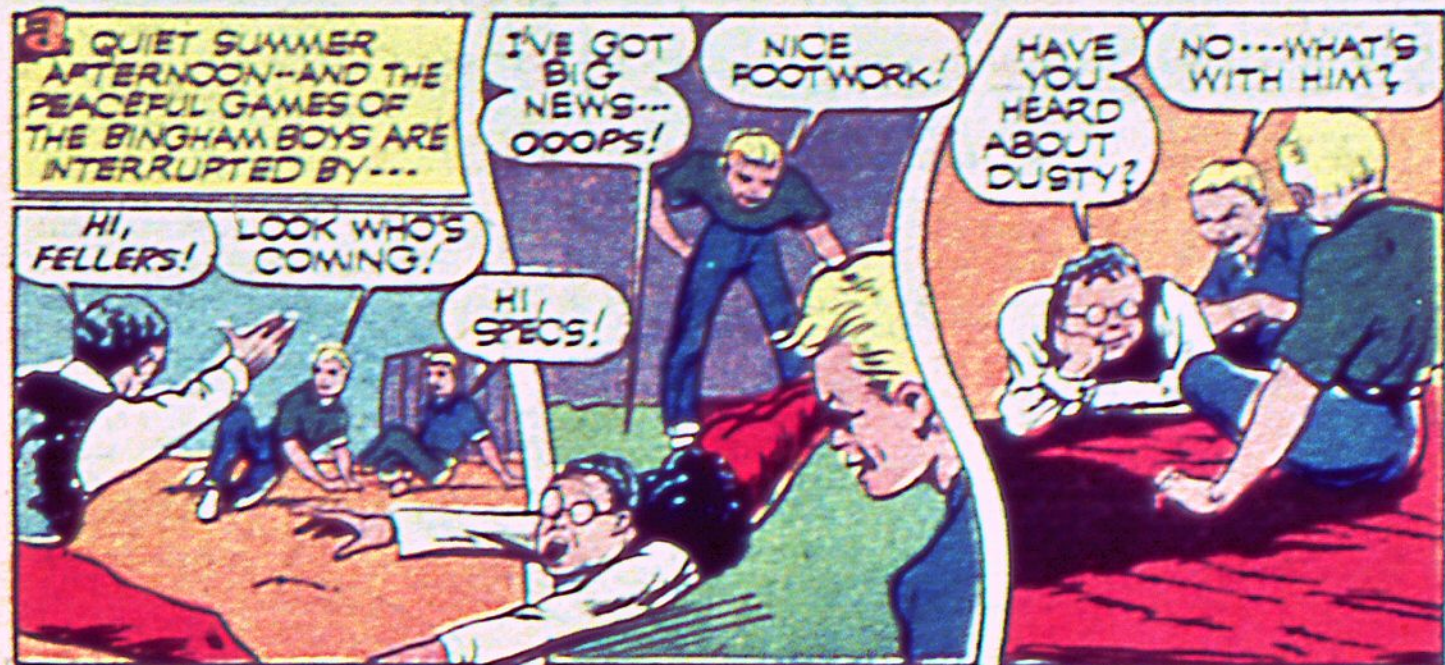
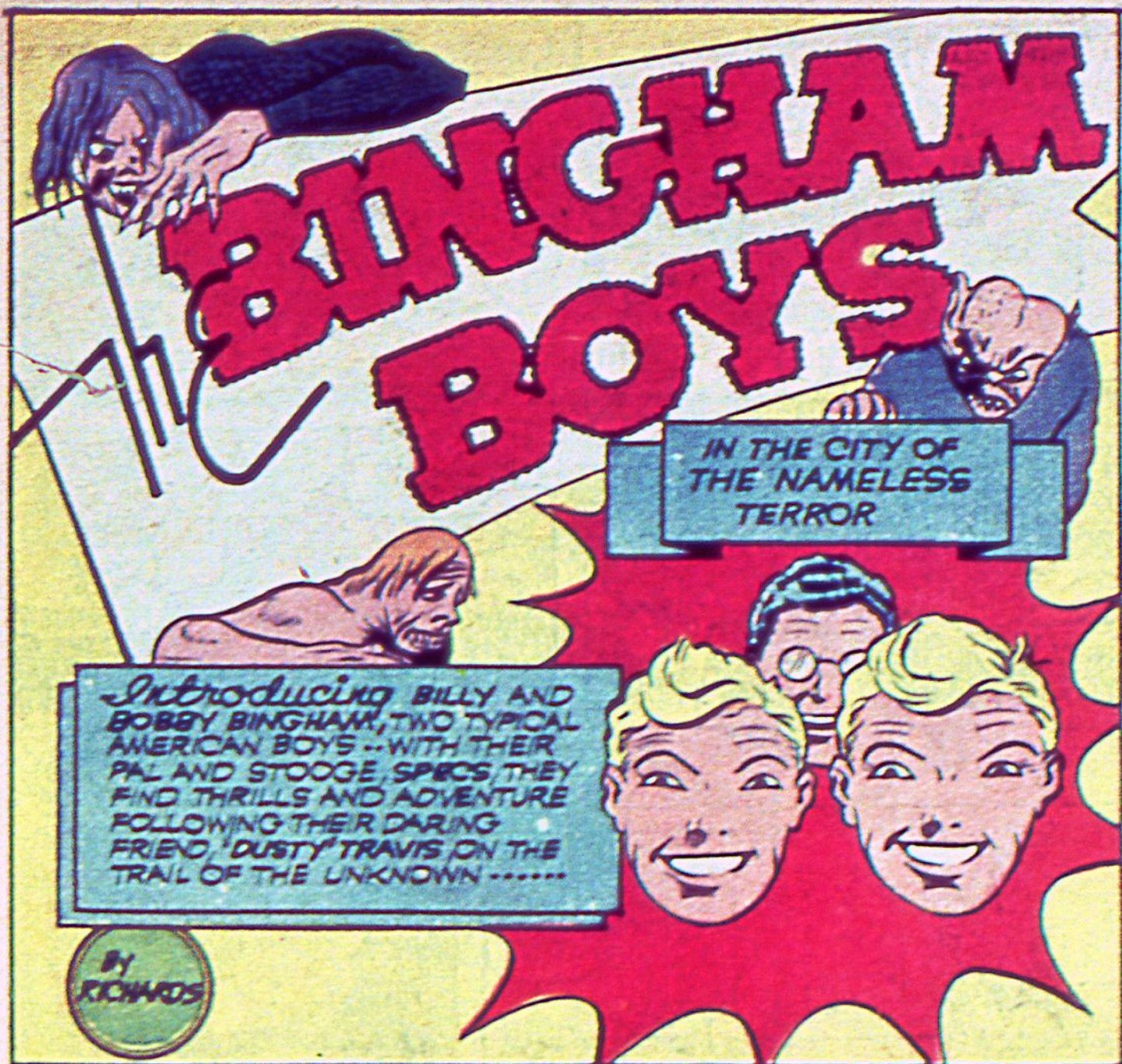
WE HAD SO MANY SWELL LETTERS, THERE WASN'T ROOM TO ANSWER THEM ALL—THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF THE BEST WE RECEIVED.

DAVE WOOD, ARLINGTON, MASS. JOE HIGGINS, MIAMI, FLORIDA
BILL MAC DONALD, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS ED BEAGLY, WASHINGTON, D.C.
TOM WONDERLAND TRAVERS, BOSE, IOWA BILL SHELBY, HELENA, MONTANA
ARTHUR GUINAE, CARRISOU, MAINE
DICK MCENTEE, RICHMOND HILL, N.Y.



COOL THE TUBE SO THE STEAM CONDENSES. THAT'S HOW TO PURIFY WATER IN AN EMERGENCY.

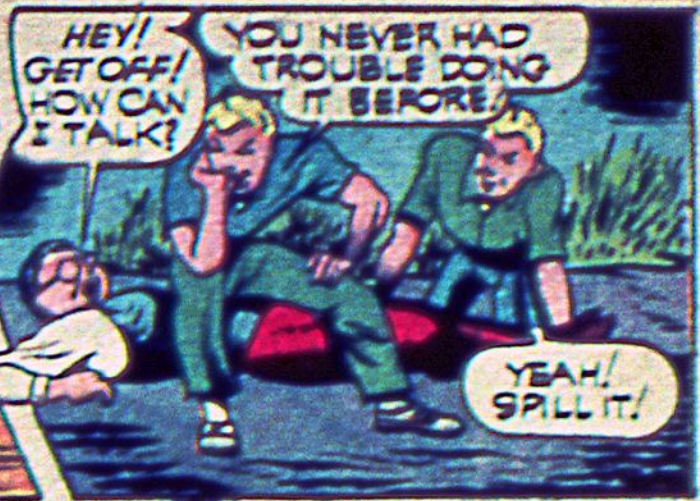
BOBBY'S WINNING INVENTION—





BOY! LOOK AT THAT PLANE! I WISH I WAS UP THERE. YEAH MAN!

HEY! WHAT ABOUT DUSTY?



HEY! GET OFF! HOW CAN I TALK?

YOU NEVER HAD TROUBLE DOING IT BEFORE!

YEAH! SPILL IT!



DUSTY IS AT THE AIRPORT WORKING ON A PLANE / LOOKS LIKE HE'S GETTIN' READY FOR A BIG TRIP!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

BOY! OH--BOY!



AT THE AIRPORT--

HI, BOYS!

H/LO DUSTY! WHATCHA DOIN'?

GOING SOME-PLACE? MMM?

ON A TRIP, PERHAPS?



WELL..I'M OFF TO THE MATTO GRASSO JUNGLE IN BRAZIL / THE MUSEUM DUG UP SOME THING ABOUT ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT! SO I'M GOING DOWN TO DO A LITTLE SNOOPING!

GEE! THE MATTO GRASSO!

WOW!

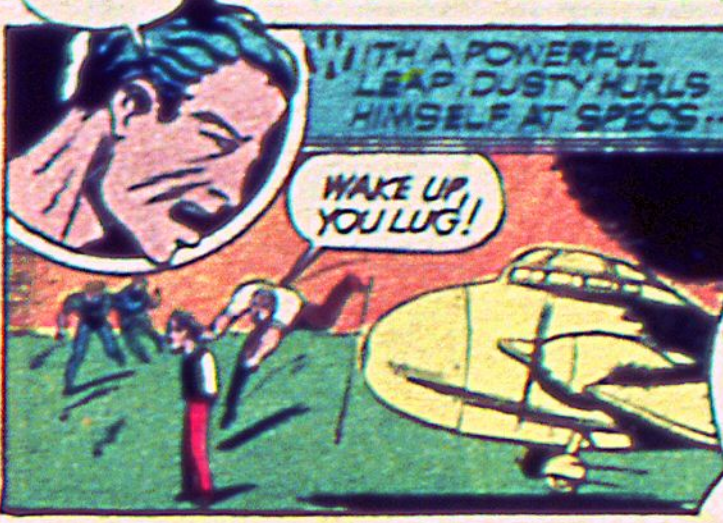
SPECS!

SPECS ABSENT-MINDEDLY WANDERS INTO THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING PLANE--



I CAN SEE IT NOW--BOY!

HEY! GET OUTTA THE WAY!



WITH A POWERFUL LEAP, DUSTY HURLS HIMSELF AT SPECS--

WAKE UP, YOU LUG!

--AND SWEEPS HIM OUT OF THE WAY!



WHA--?

MADE IT!

CAN'T YOU EVER STAY OUT OF DUTCH?

GEE WHIZ! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO ANYTHING!

SAY, DUSTY! HOW ABOUT TAKING US ON THE TRIP?

WHAT? TAKE YOU INTO THE DANGEROUS MATTO GRASSO JUNGLE WHEN YOU FELLOWS CAN'T EVEN KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE HERE IN CIVILIZATION? NO! THAT'S FINAL!

LATER...

THERE MUST BE MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT!

I GET IT!

I DON'T!

A FEW NIGHTS LATER... JUST BEFORE DAWN ON THE DAY OFF THE TAKE-OFF... THREE SHADOWY FIGURES MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE HANGAR....

ALL HOUR LATER...

EVERYTHING IS SET!

OKAY! HERE I GO!

SLOWLY THE TRIM PLANE STARTS DOWN THE RUNWAY -- PICKING UP SPEED....

THEN--LIKE SOME GIGANTIC BIRD, IT SOARS GRACEFULLY INTO THE AIR!

SOMETIME LATER, INSIDE THE PLANE...

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THIS CRATE IS TAIL HEAVY---NOTICED IT WHEN I TOOK OFF!

THE DOOR OF THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT SLOWLY OPENS, AND....

SSH! EASY! WILL HE BE SORE? I HOPE HE TAKES THIS LIKE A GENTLEMAN!

WE'RE MAKIN' SWELL TIME, DUSTY!

OH SURE... WAY AHEAD OF SCHEDULE! WE....

HEY! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

STOWAWAYS! WHY, I OUGHT TO.../ WELL YOU'RE HERE--MAY AS WELL KEEP YOU! I'LL RADIO THE AIRPORT TO NOTIFY YOUR PARENTS!

HOT DOG! ZAM!

CENTRAL AIRPORT/TRAVIS CALLING! INFORM PARENTS OF BILLY AND BOBBY BINGHAM AND IGNATZ GORDON THAT THE BOYS ARE WITH ME!

IGNATZ! WHAT A NAME! AW-- CAN I HELP IT?

ON AND ON SPEEDS THE PLANE INTO THE VAST JUNGLE...SUDDENLY A TROPICAL STORM BURSTS IN ALL ITS FURY!

THE PLANE TAKES A FIERCE BEATING, AS THE STORM GROWS WORSE!

I'LL HAVE TO CHECK ON OUR COURSE SO I'M SETTING THE AUTOMATIC CONTROL! DON'T YOU GUYS TOUCH ANYTHING!

HMM...WONDER WHAT THIS IS?

3 SECS TURNS ONE OF THE DELICATE CONTROLS AND AN INSTANT LATER THE PLANE PLUNGES TOWARD THE EARTH....

HEY! NOW WHAT DO I DO? OUCH!

DOWN! DOWN! DOWN! DROPS THE PLANE... UNTIL....

CRASH!

QUADY PULLS THE UN-
HARNED BOYS FROM THE
MANGLED WRECK!

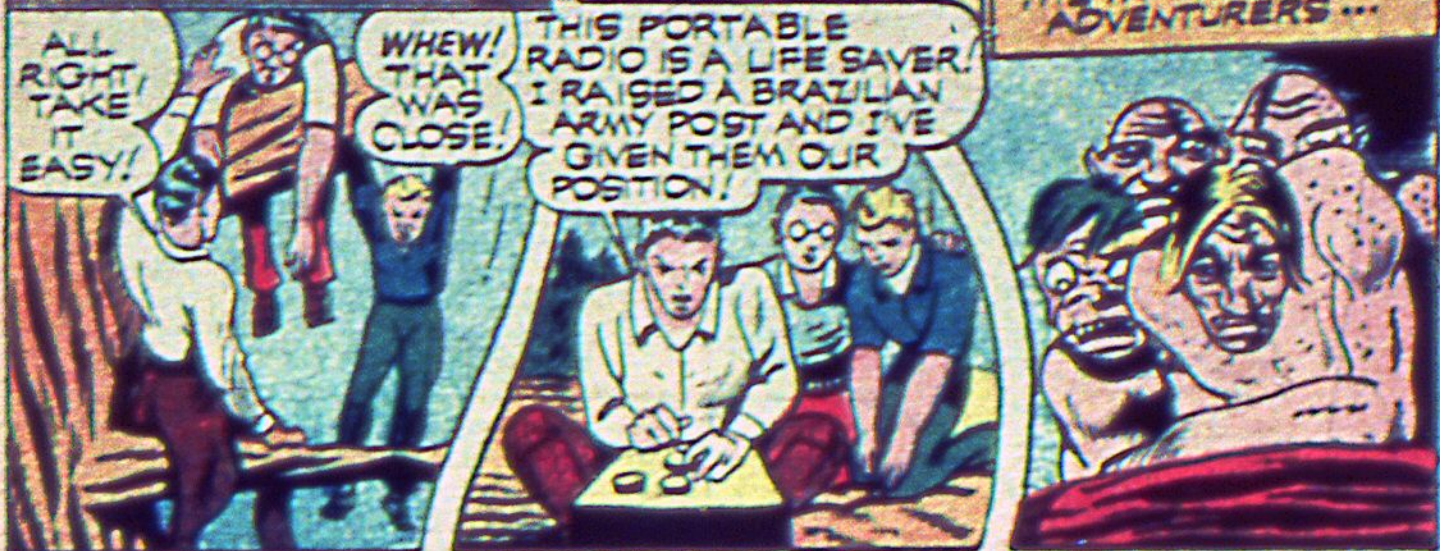
THE STORM SUB-
SIDES AS QUICKLY
AS IT BEGAN! THEN--

BUT CURIOUS EYES
LOOK DOWN UPON
THE MAROONED
ADVENTURERS...

ALL
RIGHT!
TAKE
IT
EASY!

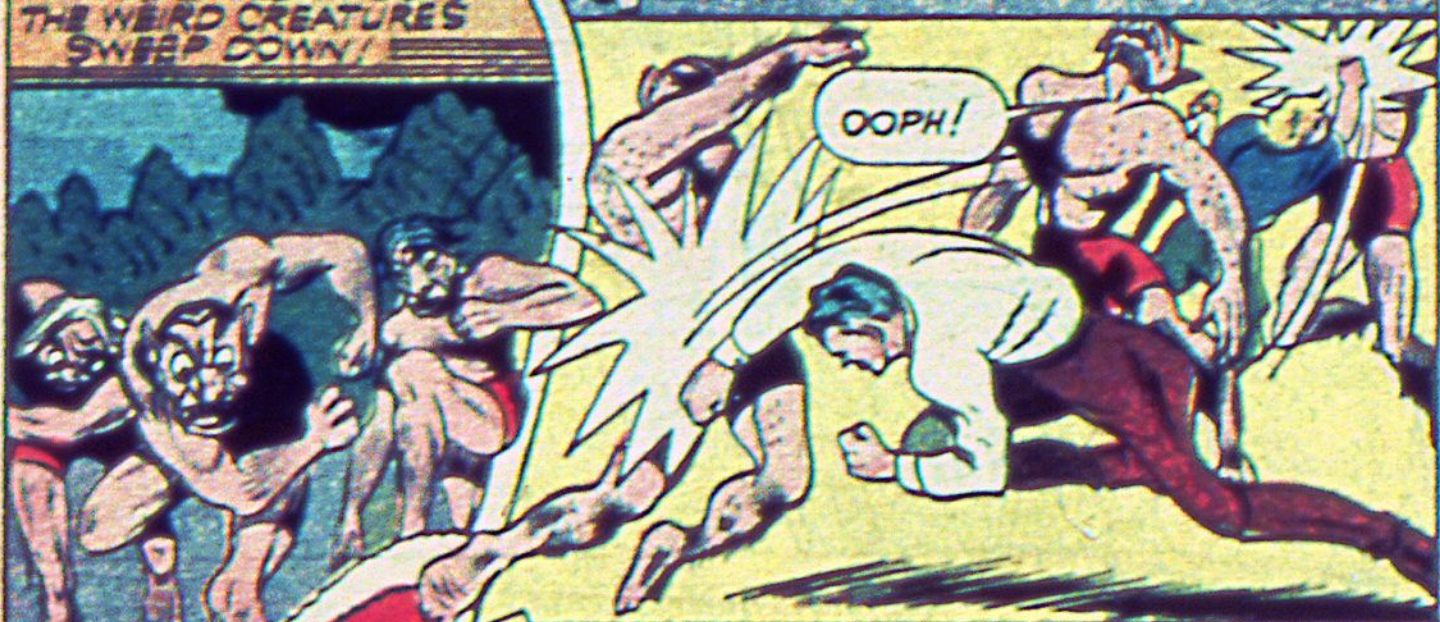
WHEW!
THAT
WAS
CLOSE!

THIS PORTABLE
RADIO IS A LIFE SAVER!
I RAISED A BRAZILIAN
ARMY POST AND I'VE
GIVEN THEM OUR
POSITION!



WELL, WILD WHOOPS
THE WEIRD CREATURES
SWEEP DOWN!

THE BOYS PUT UP A VALIANT BATTLE...

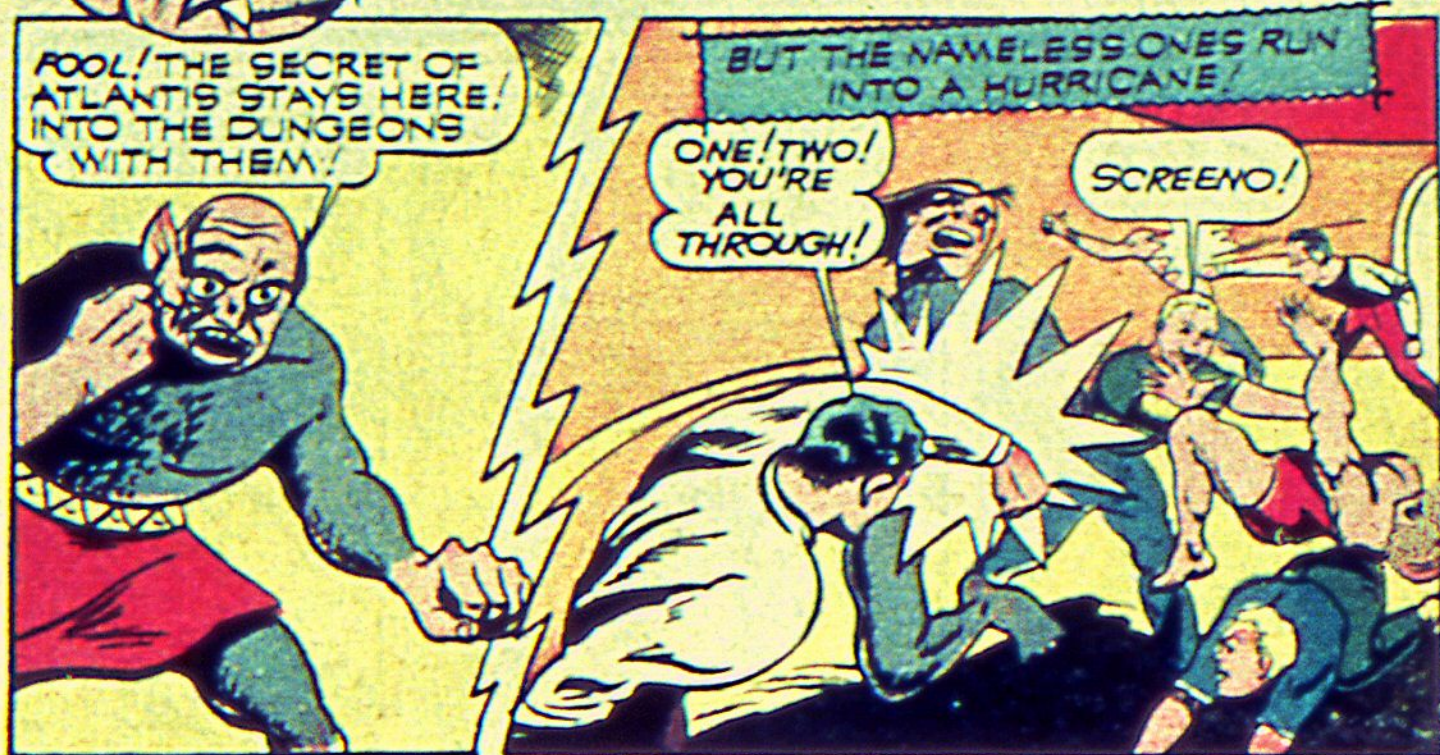
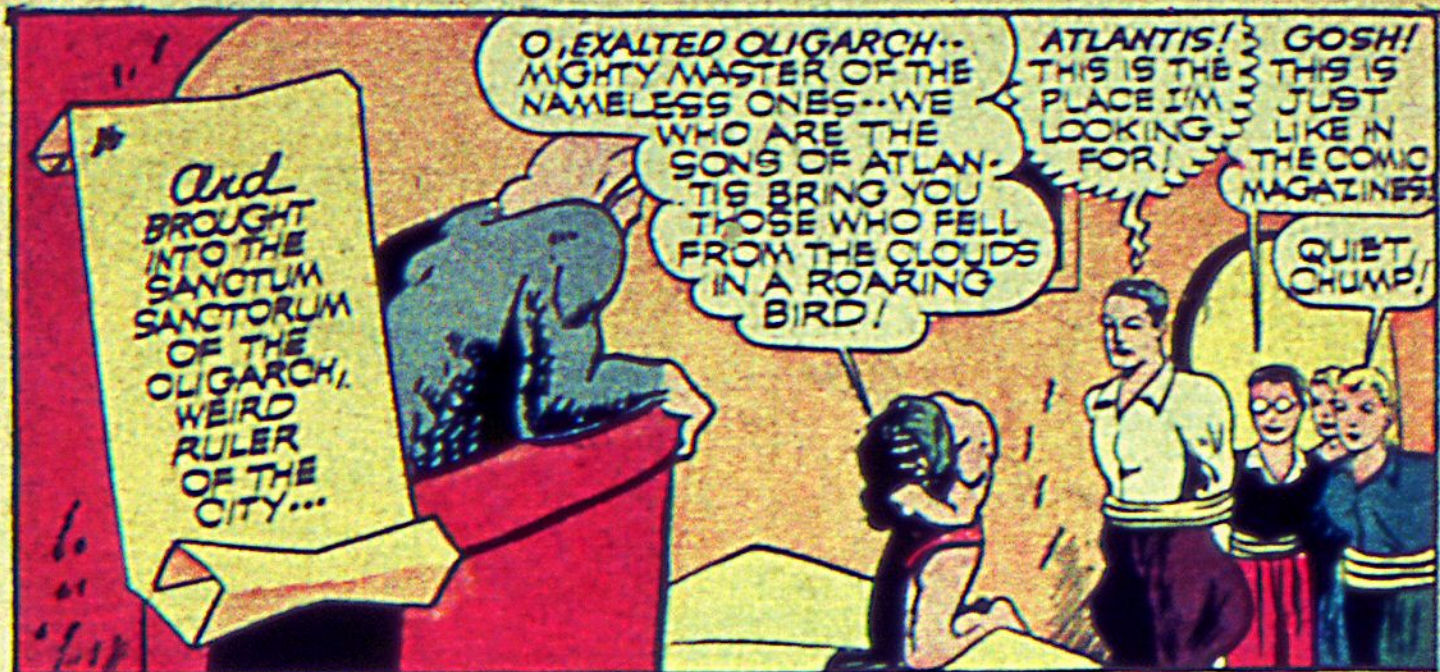


BUT
ARE
FINALLY
OVER-
POWERED!

BIRDMAN--YOUR
VALOR IS USELESS!
YOU SHALL PAY
DEARLY FOR TRES-
PASSING INTO THE
DOMAIN OF THE
NAMELESS ONES!

AFTER A SHORT
MARCH, THE CAP-
TIVES ARE LED
THROUGH THE
GATES OF A CITY
DEEP IN THE
JUNGLE...





Wipe the name!
LESS ONES OUT
COLD, TRAVIS
TURNS TO THE
OLIGARCH....

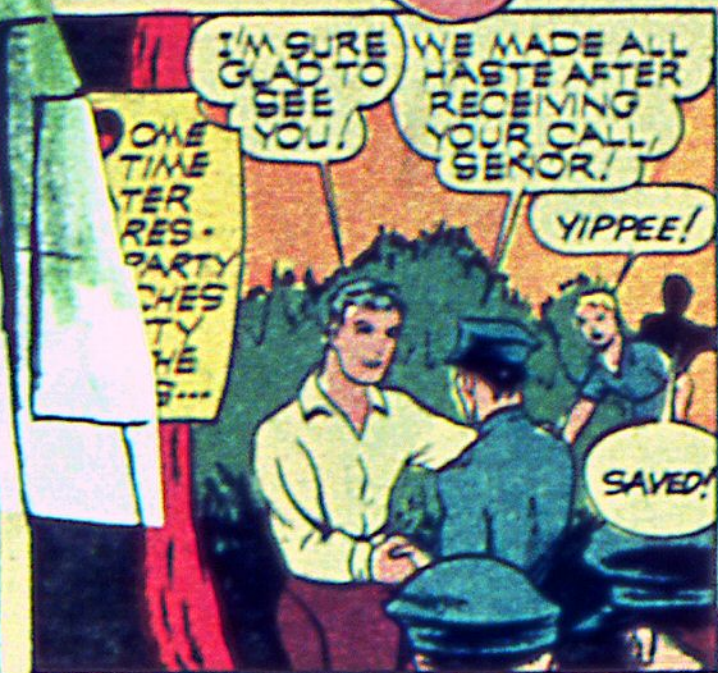
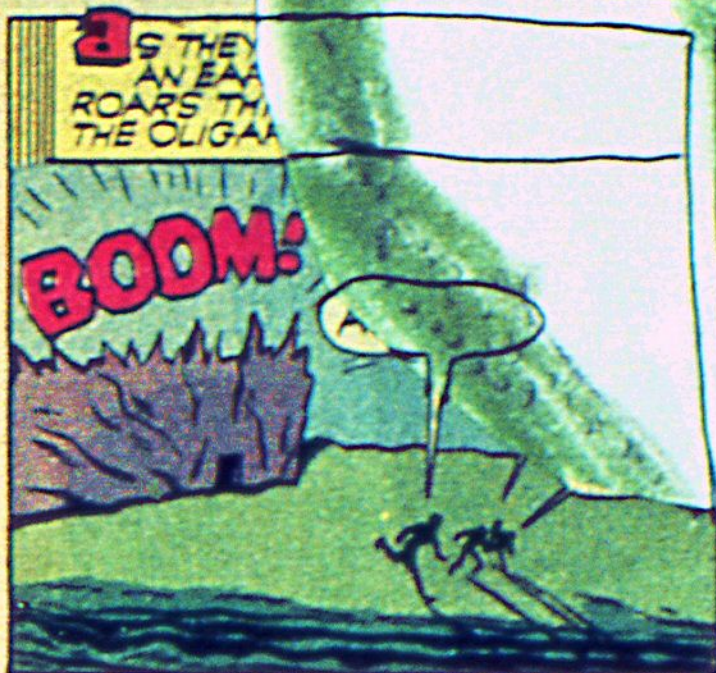
YOU SHALL NEVER
LEARN THE SECRET
OF THE NAMELESS
ONES AND ATLANTS!
I WILL DESTROY EVERY
THING FIRST!

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF
HERE (THAT GUY ISN'T
KIDDING ONE LITTLE BIT!
LET'S GO BACK TO THE
PLANE! THE RESCUE
PARTY OUGHT TO BE
THERE SOON!

WHAT DO YOU
SAY NOW, HAND-
SOME?

I SAY
THIS...

HEY!
WAIT A
MINUTE!



YIPPEE!

SAVED!

WELL YOU LITTLE
MUGS... I HOPE THIS
TEACHES YOU A
LESSON! NEXT TIME
YOU WON'T TRY TO
COME WITH ME!



OH-- SURE, DUSTY!
SURE! OF COURSE!
YEP!

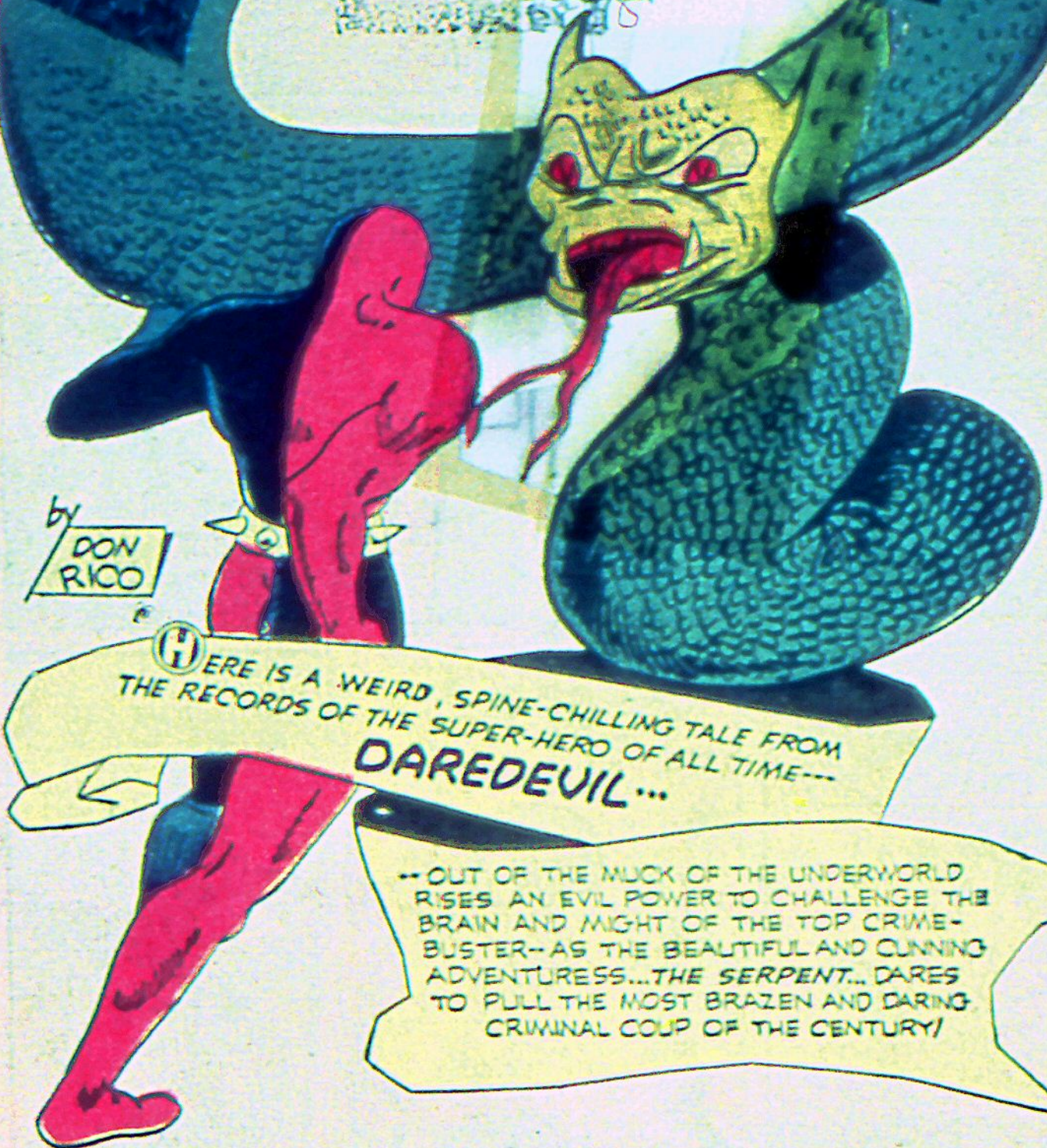


DON'T
MISS THE NEW
EXPLOITS OF THESE
ADVENTURE-
HUNGRY BOYS IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
**SILVER
STREAK**
The
BINGHAM BOYS
IN TIBET
WHERE THEY FALL
RIGHT INTO THE
"ADVENTURE OF
THE SWORD OF
GHENGIS KAHN"!

DAREDEVIL

in

**The
SERPENT
STRIKES!**



by
**DON
RICO**

HERE IS A WEIRD, SPINE-CHILLING TALE FROM
THE RECORDS OF THE SUPER-HERO OF ALL TIME---
DAREDEVIL...

-- OUT OF THE MUCK OF THE UNDERWORLD
RISES AN EVIL POWER TO CHALLENGE THE
BRAIN AND MIGHT OF THE TOP CRIME-
BUSTER--AS THE BEAUTIFUL AND CUNNING
ADVENTURESS...*THE SERPENT*... DARES
TO PULL THE MOST BRAZEN AND DARING
CRIMINAL COUP OF THE CENTURY!

OUT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LATEST THREAT TO SOCIETY'S SECURITY--THE SERPENT!

YES...CHIEF! NOTHING HAS BEEN HEARD OF DAREDEVIL FOR MONTHS!

ARE YOU SURE? WE CAN'T GO ON IF HE'S ALIVE

LISTEN... IF THAT GUY WERE ALIVE, WE'D HAVE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT HIM BY NOW, WOULDN'T WE? HE'S DEAD, I TELL YOU!

AT LAST! THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE BEEN MY POE! NOW NOTHING CAN STOP ME--NOTHING!



HURRIDLY, SHE CALLS TOGETHER HER HENCHMEN...

YES, BOYS... WE'RE ACTIVE AGAIN!

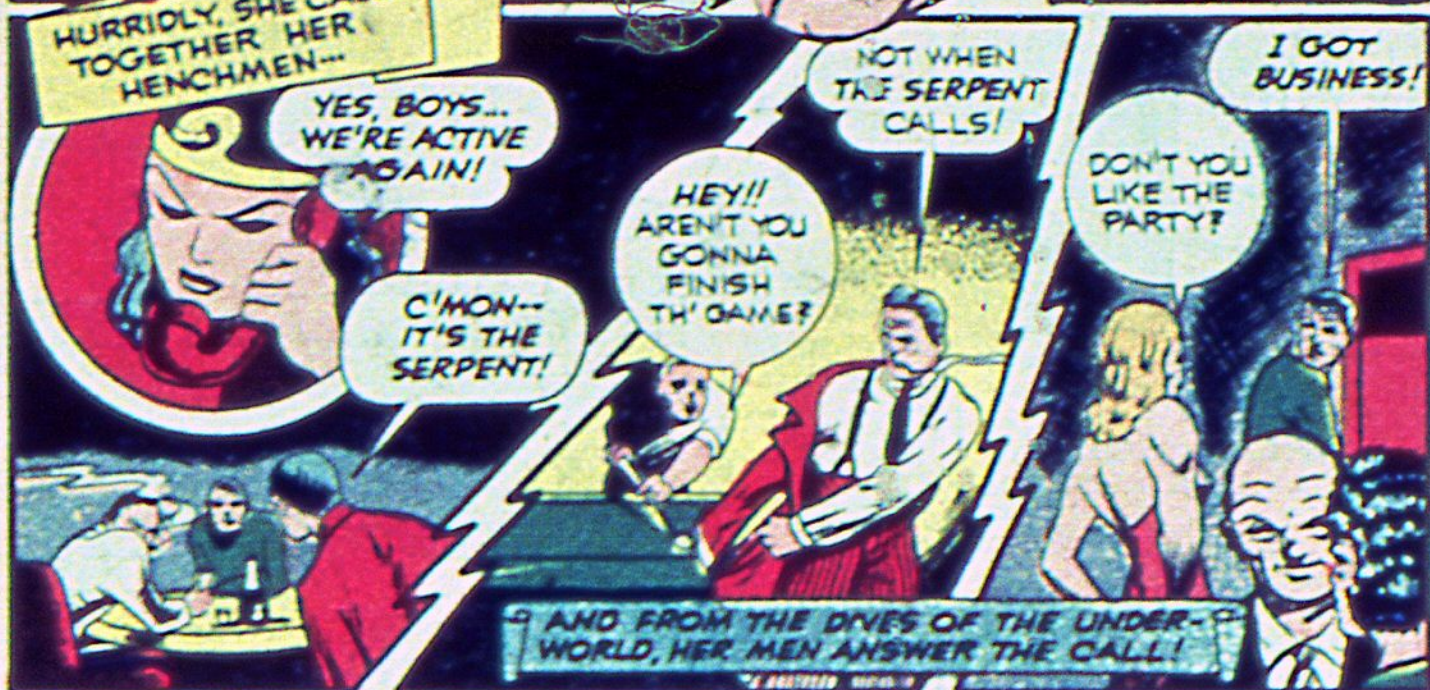
C'MON-- IT'S THE SERPENT!

NOT WHEN THE SERPENT CALLS!

I GOT BUSINESS!

DON'T YOU LIKE THE PARTY?

HEY!! AREN'T YOU GONNA FINISH TH' GAME?



AND FROM THE DYES OF THE UNDER-WORLD, HER MEN ANSWER THE CALL!

SORRY TO DO THIS, CHUM!

QUIT YER GABBIN'-- TH' SERPENT WANTS US!



AT THE STATE PRISON...

SO...THE MOTELY CREW OF THIEVES...OUT-THROATS AND MURDERERS GATHER AT THE HIDEOUT OF THE QUEEN OF CRIME!

WHAT'S SHE WANT WITH US GUYS?

I THOUGHT SHE HUNG UP HER GLOVES LONG AGO!

DON'T TELL ME SHE'S GONNA FIGHT DAREDEVIL!

SHE'S CRAZY!





SILENCE!!

THE--- SERPENT!



I HAVE NOT CALLED YOU HERE FOR A SOCIAL VISIT OR A GUESSING GAME--WE HAVE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO DEAL WITH!

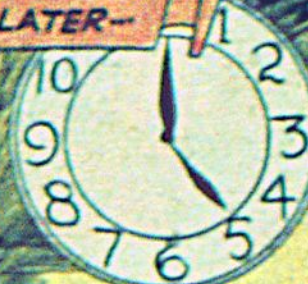
LET'S HAVE IT, CHIEF!



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MORONS PRESENT--HERE'S A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES! EACH OF YOU ARE TO STATION HIMSELF AT A KEY CITY! NOW LISTEN---

ONE WEEK FROM TODAY-- AT EXACTLY FIVE P.M.-- THE SERPENT STRIKES! AT THAT HOUR, EACH ONE OF YOU WILL KIDNAP A WEALTHY CHILD--DOING IT SIMULTANEOUSLY! WE WILL BEFUZZLE THE POLICE COMPLETELY! AND WITH DAREDEVIL OUT OF THE PICTURE--IT WILL BE A CINCH!

ONE WEEK LATER--



TERROR STRIKES THE NATION AS HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN ARE KIDNAPPED!



THE COUNTRY IS STUNNED TODAY BY THE FURIOUS WAVES OF MASS KIDNAPPINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN, WHICH SWEEP FROM COAST TO COAST!

- NEW YORK
- DETROIT
- BOSTON
- ALBANY
- LOS ANGELES
- NEW ORLEANS
- MEMPHIS
- SEATTLE
- PITTSBURG
- SAN FRANCISCO
- CHICAGO
- DALLAS
- ATLANTA

YOU'VE GOT TO GET THOSE KIDS BACK! THIS IS THE MOST DISGRACEFUL THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED IN THIS COUNTRY!

WE CAN'T DO A THING! THERE ISN'T A CLUE WE CAN GO ON!

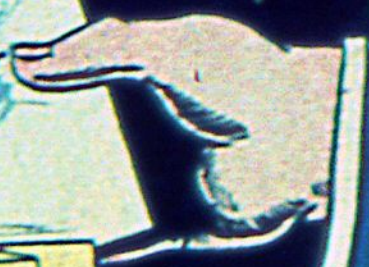


AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS---

TO THE POLICE--
UNLESS I RECEIVE \$10,000,000 IN CASH, ALL OF THE CHILDREN WILL BE DESTROYED! I WILL LET YOU KNOW LATER, WHEN AND HOW I WANT THE MONEY.

The Serpent

HERE IS ALL WE KNOW!



BUT IN THE HOME OF BART HILL... ALIAS DAREDEVIL---

SO! I KNEW THAT IF I LED THE SERPENT TO THINK I NO LONGER EXISTED, SHE WOULD OVERPLAY HER HAND!



AND IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT A RED AND BLUE FIGURE STREAKS THRU THE CITY--

DAREDEVIL!

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS-- TOO LONG!



FLASH! REPORTS HAVE COME TO US THAT DAREDEVIL HAS BEEN SEEN! WE ARE TO BE THANKFUL! HE WILL SAVE OUR CHILDREN!

HEAVEN HELP THE SERPENT IF DAREDEVIL CATCHES UP WITH HER!

IS THAT SO!

HOLY SMOKE!

IF I HAD HIM IN MY HANDS FOR ONE MINUTE-- I'D SHOW HIM!

IN THE SERPENT'S HIDEOUT...





LOCKING THE UNCONSCIOUS DAREDEVIL IN A ROOM, THE SERPENT REVIVES HER MEN---

HE PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS! NOW I'LL SEND A NOTE TO THE POLICE THAT I'M HOLDING HIM FOR FIFTY GRAND RANSOM! THEN I'LL GIVE HIM BACK---

GOOD IDEA!

YES...I'LL GIVE HIM BACK--- DEAD!

BUT THE NOTE DOES NOT EASILY FOOL THE POLICE!

HOW DO WE KNOW SHE'S REALLY GOT DAREDEVIL?

SHE WANTS US TO DROP THE MONEY OUT OF A CAR IN THE COUNTRY-- WE'LL DO IT!

THAT NIGHT, ON A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD...

THERE'S THE BOX WITH THE DOUGH!

PRETTY SOFT, EH?

IT SEZ HERE-- "HERE IS YOUR ANSWER!"

HMM--IS THAT SO? OPEN IT, MUFFY!

BUT WHEN THE BOX WAS OPENED...THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING--FOR MUFFY!

I KNEW IT! NOW I'LL SHOW THEM! BRING DAREDEVIL IN HERE--AND THEN LEAVE US ALONE!

BAM!

AN EYE FOR AN EYE! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE... BY MY HAND, DAREDEVIL!

BUT FIRST LET ME KISS YOU GOODBYE-- I REALL AM QUITE FOND OF YOU!

AND NOW--- GOODBYE!

BUT AS THE SERPENT RAISES HER HAND TO STRIKE, A BOOMERANG STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR---

ATTABOY...
DAREDEVIL!

HUH?

AND TURNING, SEES
ANOTHER DAREDEVIL!
THANKS FOR FRONTING
FOR ME, CHESTER--
SHE WALKED RIGHT
INTO IT!

SO IT'S
REALLY
YOU THIS
TIME?

YEP... CUTE TRICK--
USING A DOUBLE, EH?
PARDON MY MITT---
BUT I DON'T LIKE
SCREAMS!

DAREDEVIL CARRIES THE ENRAGED QUEEN OF CRIME DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE--

NOT A PEEP
OUT OF YOU,
GIRLIE--OR
YOU'LL BE
SORRY!

ON YOUR WAY
CHESTER! I'VE GOT
TO FINISH THIS
JOB ALONE!
AND THANKS
AGAIN!

BUT--

HEY, LOOK!
THAT GUY
GOT AWAY!

AN' HE'S
TAKIN'
TH' BOSS
WITH
HIM!

IT WAS A
PLEASURE!
BESIDES--
I GOT
KISSED!

COME
ON--WE'LL
STOP
HIM!

SO YOU
GUYS STILL
WANT TO
PLAY, EH?

POW!



BUT AS DAREDEVIL HAS HIS HANDS FULL--THE SERPENT MAKES HER GETAWAY!

SORRY TO LEAVE THEM IN THE LURCH LIKE THIS-- BUT IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

GO TO SLEEP, MY LITTLE ONE!

SO SHE TOOK IT ON THE LAM, EH? WELL, THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HER GANG---

DAREDEVIL RUSHES TO THE SERPENT'S RADIO CONTROL ROOM, AND--

CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!

AND THE KIDNAPPED CHILDREN ARE RETURNED TO THE ARMS OF THEIR PARENTS!

AT LAST!
AT LAST!!

HOW COME? WE DIDN'T PAY ANY RANSOM!

OH, MUMMY!

HEY...GET A LOAD OF THIS! THE BOSS WANTS US TO RELEASE THE KIDS!

WOW! SHE MUSTA COLLECTED THE CASH!

LET'S GO!

AND AT THE SERPENT'S OUT-POSTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

ONLY ONE PERSON COULD HAVE BROUGHT THIS ABOUT-- DAREDEVIL!

--AND WALKS OUT TO DESTRUCTION!

MEANWHILE, DAREDEVIL RETURNS TO HIS HOME... BUT INSIDE, HE BECOMES BART HILL--SOCIETY PLAYBOY--

WELL, WELL! ANOTHER DAY-- ANOTHER JOB DONE!

THERE HE IS... THE ONE WHO RUINED MY PLANS! I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE COMES OUT-- THEN--

THINK I'LL VISIT TONIA!



BUT BART HEARS A LIGHT RUSTLE--



OH-OH!

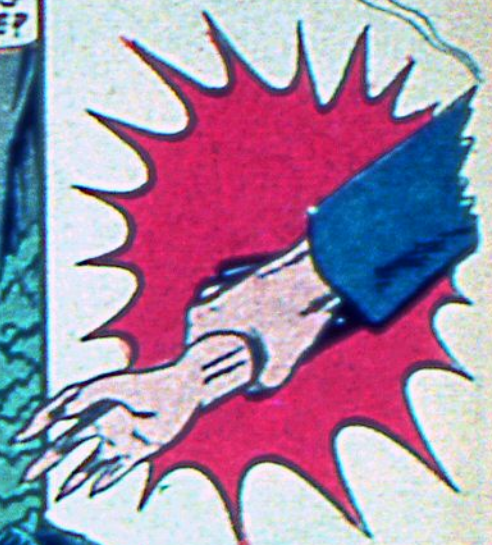
COME ON--WE'RE GOING TO VISIT SOME PEOPLE WHO ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU!

--AND TEARS AROUND THE TREE!

WHERE'D HE GO? LOOKING FOR ME?



DROP THAT POP-GUN! IT'S LIABLE TO HURT SOMEONE!



OOH--HOW I HATE YOU!!

AT THE POLICE STATION--

IT'S THE SERPENT!

GEE... IS THAT WHO IT IS? GOSH... AND I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY A HOLD-UP! G-G-GOSH... THE SERPENT!



CUT THE COMEDY! YOU KNEW ALL THE WHILE WHO I WAS--AND I KNOW WHO YOU ARE--DAREDEVIL!



HO! HO! DID YOU HEAR THAT? SHE THINKS THIS GUY IS DAREDEVIL!--IMAGINE? HO-HO-HO!!



WHO--ME?

Q&A THE SERPENT SERVES HER SENTENCE--

SOMEDAY--SOMEDAY... I'LL GET OUT! AND WHEN I DO--



--BUT SHE IS SAFELY BEHIND BARS FOR A WHILE--AT LEAST-- WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE HER ESCAPE, AND TRY TO GET REVENGE ON ME? WRITE TO ME, AND LET ME KNOW! IN THE MEANTIME-- DON'T MISS THE TALE OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF THE MUSIC TEACHER!" IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SILVER STREAK COMICS! SINCERELY, Daredevil

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